Week ending October 20 194\ THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

WHAT IS RUSSIA UP TO?

by the Editor

See centre pages

WATCH the expression of sheer delight which follows your child's introduction to 'Vimaltol.' This delicious, nourishing, energising vitamin food with the sweet orange flavour is as nice as the nicest jam.

'Vimaltol' is made from specially prepared malt extract and yeast, which is one of the richest sources of vitamin B_1, together with orange juice and Halibut Liver Oil fortified with additional vitamins and minerals.

Thus 'Vimaltol' possesses definite advantages for increasing strength and weight, maintaining reserves of energy and fortifying resistance against infection.

Being highly concentrated 'Vimaltol' is a most economical as well as a valuable addition to your child's dietary at all times. It makes a delicious spread on bread.

VIMALTOL

The Delicious, Nourishing, Energising Vitamin Food for Infants, Children and Adults.

Based on Modern Scientific Research

In two sizes 3/- and 5/6

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Such a fresh lively lather—*and yet so mild*

To keep complexions smooth and lovely, look for *mildness* in your toilet soap. Lifebuoy Toilet Soap contains a special ingredient that makes it extra mild. And in the bath its lively lather gives a glorious all over freshness.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet—1 coupon

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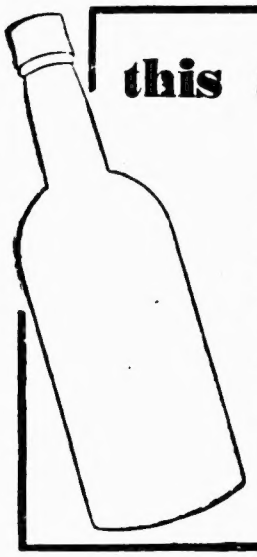
LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED



this and this are very precious

There is a serious shortage of bottles and screw stoppers. Hundreds of thousands must go overseas to our fighting men, and it's a one-way trip. To keep up distribution of the nation's beer, more and more bottles must be returned by home consumers. So — never throw bottles or stoppers away, and don't hoard them. Send them back promptly to your retailer.

...thank you!

This announcement is issued by The Brewers' Society

It's like a Fairy-tale come true—

Back in my own home at last. All ready for the moment when I can get an Acme, and have best-on-the-line washes. Heavy things, fragile things, when they go through an Acme they come out clean and sweet. And all so easy. No wear and tear on the clothes, and no wear or tear on the housewife either!

And now the waiting time is nearly over. Soon you will see the Acme on sale again — a brand new model, in every respect as wonderful as pre-war. Don't miss the opportunity! The Acme will be here SOON — see that you have arranged to have one of your own at the first possible minute.

Speed up your Metabolic Rate and hasten recovery from illness

WHEN the danger mark in an illness is passed, your first thought is: "When am I going to get well?" The answer to that question depends largely on your metabolic rate.

What is your metabolic rate? Briefly, it is the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces it by absorbing nourishment from food. It might be called your "living rate."

After illness, your metabolic rate is slowed down. To get it back to normal, you need to absorb food to build up your energy. But this is difficult because, when your metabolic rate is low, your appetite is poor.

Doctors, however, have found a way to speed up the metabolic rate and break this vicious circle. They give you broths, soups, or meat extracts. In deciding which of these accepted preparations to take, it is important to know that *one* meat preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate: it is Brand's Essence. Clinical tests in a famous research institute have shown that, after taking Brand's Essence, the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

And once the metabolic rate is raised, your appetite returns. You absorb nourishment and speedily restore your body to full health and vigour. Don't delay your recovery a day longer than necessary. Take Brand's Essence. You'll find it tempting and delicious when other food is repugnant. 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

She does her floors in "NO TIME" with Johnson's Wax Polish—

Puts a brilliant polish on all floors—and the shine lasts twice as long!

Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps all floors, furniture and leather bright, sparkling and mirror-like—and it's non-greasy! In tins, 10½d. and 1/6d.

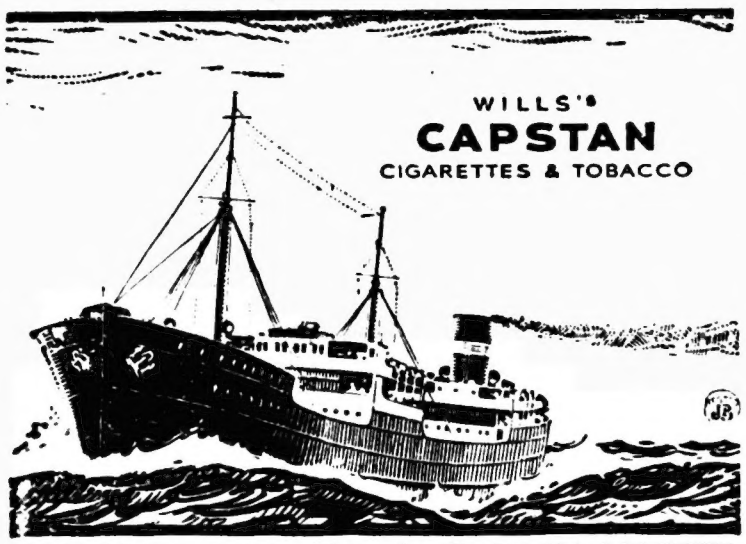
Johnson's Wax is limited in supply, so make yours go as far as you can. Obtainable only from shops.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED

They love polishing pans at Hartley's too. The standards of scrupulous cleanliness observed in the factory are those of the good housewife, though the methods employed are the most up-to-date that science has evolved. The same factors are at work in every stage of the jam-making process—Hartley's have succeeded in combining the best traditions of the home jam-maker with the advantages of modern large-scale and scientifically controlled production.

HARTLEY'S JAM

Made mother's way—on the grand scale!



W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CCT703N

"Mother is feeding her baby, even before birth, and that's when Robinson's 'Patent' Groats and milk is specially valuable. It will keep up her strength through pregnancy and the nursing period, ensure sound sleep, and help her to breast-feed successfully. This delicious, creamy cereal is easy to digest and simple to make."

ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' GROATS

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of Infants entitled "Steps to Health", if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ. 47, Norwich

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warming up *then* cooling down

Many chills are caused by children getting hot and sticky rushing about, then cooling off too quickly. Wool underwear is a sure protection which children need *all the year round*. Wool absorbs perspiration naturally without becoming damp, and then allows evaporation to take place so slowly that the body can cool down gradually.

Keep them *well* in

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

WOOL underwear

'Watching the birdie'—and Watching the viewfinder

Getting your subject to look at the camera is not important—often you'll get a more natural expression if eyes are on something of real interest slightly to one side. But watching the viewfinder yourself is vital. Watch it to compose your picture, and actually while you snap. It's risky to sight the subject and look up while you click—you may have moved the camera meantime and cut off part of the picture as in the diagram.

'KODAK' FILM is still in short supply, so please make the most of it

October 20 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2053 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

END THE STRIKES

DOCKERS AND ENGINEERS: miners, and railwaymen. These are proud titles, held by proud men.

And those who hold them more than earned the gratitude of the nation in those dark days when the fate of this land depended on them no less than their sons and brothers at grips with the enemy on land, sea and in the air.

JOHN BULL would not be guilty of that gross public indecency of nagging at men whose jobs are harder, dirtier and less well paid than our own.

But we have the right to appeal to the men we have always sought to serve. We have a right to ask those who have and are participating in strikes to realise that they sully their own grand past and imperil what should be their secure future by industrial guerilla warfare.

We do not agree that subversive elements are necessarily behind the strikes.

The only subversive elements we know have names like War Weariness, Underfeeding, Wage Cuts, Future Fears.

Can the negotiating machinery be improved? If so, it must be improved. Are the employers obstructive? If so, they must be taught a lesson.

The one certainty is that strikes cannot be justified unless all methods of conciliation have failed.

LET US PUT IT PLAINLY TO OUR friends and fellow-citizens whose worth large sections of those who now berate them never recognised until war came.

Every industrial upset, every job left undone, every hour wasted imposes an added burden upon the very Government for which the overwhelming majority of those on strike strove to have elected.

We appeal—we stress those two words—we appeal to every striker to realise that in striking he handicaps himself and the nation; he plays into the hands of those who are his enemies; he ties the hands of those who are his friends.

The Editor

Battle of the Banks Begins

Travesty of Justice. British Wives' Nationality. Drift from the Land. Bring the Boys Back! The "Menace" of Women! Crooks at the Dog Races

M.P.S OF ALL PARTIES have been looking long and hard at the Government Bill for the nationalisation of the Bank of England. "Rarely has so little said so much!" declared one Member.

Not without reason. This history-making, six-clause measure would barely cover two-and-a-half sheets of ordinary notepaper.

Pulling the leg of a journalist Member, Labour's Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Dalton, described his Bill as an object lesson to the Press in the art of not wasting words!

Catto Will Carry On

When the Bank is taken over by the State towards the end of the year—the Government's big majority makes certain there will be no hitches—Lord Catto, the present Governor, will remain in office.

He had a long talk with Mr. Dalton almost immediately after the results of the General Election were known, and agreed to carry on under the new régime.

Governor, deputy-Governor and the sixteen bank directors will all, in future, hold office on Government nomination.

Parlour Polling

Conservatives complain bitterly that State appointment of Bank of England bosses is a very bad thing for the Bank. The Government reply is that it is a very good thing for Britain.

Hitherto, all appointments to the Bank's hierarchy have been made by a handful of leading stockholders meeting behind the locked doors of the Bank parlour.

"Old Lady" Will Lead

But the biggest row rages over that Clause of the Bill which gives the nationalised Bank power in law to exercise control over all other banks.

It is difficult to understand the logic of the critics of this Clause. The non-nationalised Bank of England had this power and used it throughout and before the war. All the Clause does is to regularise the already existing position.

The Opposition complains that, under this Clause, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" can go prying around into the private accounts of anyone using Bank facilities.

The Government dismiss this conception of the Bank as a super financial snooper as "fantastic."

Safe Deposit Secrets

From high to low finance. We are not at all certain that certain Bank accounts would not be better for a close examination.

Even more, we should like to know the contents of quite a lot of safe deposit boxes.

The racketeer, the big Black Marketer, has always been faced with the problem—how do I get rid of the swag? Very often, his way out is to hire a safe-deposit box and keep his wads of ready money stowed away there.

The box is usually held by somebody on his behalf. Safe-deposit "banking" has its handicaps. But it has the advantage of avoiding the eye of the law—and the income tax collector!

Law and Laval

DEAD OR ALIVE, Laval is a criminal of the worst kind. He was a traitor and an organiser of traitors.

His hands were eager to help tighten the Nazi noose around the throat of France and those of her brave citizens who fought to free her.

We have no sympathy for him. But we have sympathy for France. And the shrieking, indecent mockery masquerading as a trial which took place in Paris was something of which every friend of France and every Frenchman should be ashamed.

It was France who decided that Laval should be tried by the processes of the law. Having so decided, irrespective of the criminal in the dock, French justice was on trial as well. The result was lamentable.

Mongobeaux Mockery

The conduct of the judge, M. Mongobeaux, was unforgivable. He hurled accusations at the prisoner. He permitted members to howl personal abuse at the man in the dock.

"It was a filthy sickening spectacle," said a colleague of ours who reported the trial. The conduct of free Frenchmen in a supposedly honest French court turned hatred for Laval into sympathy for him."

The Laval proceedings were lynch law hypocritically garbed in the trappings of true justice. It is not Laval, but France itself that suffers most from this travesty of a trial.

Alien Insult

DISGUSTING. DEPLORABLE. These are the two words that best describe the failure to reconsider the position of British women who lose their nationality because they have married a foreigner.

This applies to Englishwomen who have married Poles. Number One test case at the moment is an English girl, a W.A.A.F. section officer, who married a Polish flight-lieutenant.

Released from war service, she was told that she was not a British subject. She had to attend at the police aliens office and wait three hours to complete the necessary formalities.

She must report all her future movements to the police.

Still British

Mad as it seems, British girls who marry "enemy aliens" can and do retain British nationality. We agree that they should.

Why in the name of Heaven, then, should a girl who marries a "friendly alien" lose such right? It doesn't make sense to us—or to anybody else.

The lame Home Office explanation is that Polish law compels the wives of Poles to adopt Polish nationality. What Polish law?

And since when did Polish, or any other law, determine how the British nation should treat its own women?

War on Women!

THE MOTTO OF THE FEMALE, the inferior Sex, towards the Male, the superior Sex, should be Humility,

A SCIENTIST SPEAKS OUT

"I KNOW how the big bosses regard us scientific people—as pawns to be moved about in the game of power politics."

The man who said that the other day was not a disgruntled laboratory assistant who had turned Communist. He was Professor A. V. Hill, Secretary of the Royal Society, ex-Conservative M.P. for Cambridge University, and probably the greatest physiologist in the world.

He went on to plead that atomic energy should be developed for the good of all humanity, not restricted to the making of atomic bombs that might blow most of humanity to bits.

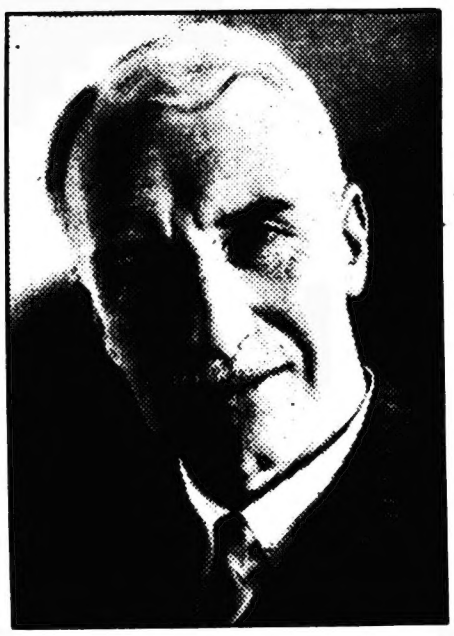
And he urged that scientists everywhere should combine to force the statesmen to realise that we cannot go back to the bad old ways.

The professor has always been in favour of a brotherhood of scientists. He seems, indeed, to have achieved something of the sort in his own family.

His eldest daughter is a Government economist. His youngest daughter is a qualified doctor. His two sons are engaged on scientific research. Even his grandsons show promise as experimenters.

His name was flashed across the earth in 1928. Another professor declared—wrongly—that Hill was on the verge of making life itself in the laboratory.

Not yet sixty, a very tall, white-haired man with bright and light blue eyes, Hill forsook Parliament at the last General Election and announced his intention of retiring from public affairs.



PROF. HILL GIVES A WARNING

"As I have only the remainder of one life to live," he said, "I must get back to my scientific work."

But it is certain that, as his speech on the atomic bomb shows, he will continue to speak his mind in public. As that mind is one of the finest of our time—and is very "human" and sympathetic in its outlook, few of us would wish him to silence.

"HAVING GREAT FAITH IN J.B.—

I knew you would not let me down," writes Mrs. E. Sheldon, of Liverpool, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance following a fire at her home.

In addition to Fire Insurance JOHN BULL offers many other invaluable Household Benefits free to every reader.

Obedience, Submission!" This is the opening paragraph of a neatly printed document which all newspaper offices and M.P.s have received.

Written by someone calling himself "Candidus," the circular has no printer's name on it. But "Candidus" has certainly raised lots of laughs with h's vigorous declaration of War on Women.

He wants them excluded from the House of Commons, from the Church, and from the Bench. "Speaking generally," declares this candid commentator, "the female should devote herself exclusively to the kitchen and the cradle." That's telling 'em!

Democracy's Canker

The most pugnacious paragraph asks: "Is it not utterly farcical that the future of the British Empire should be dominated by the mass voting power of a motley, illiterate, irresponsible rabble of Domestic Servants, Chorus Girls, Marks and Spencer Glamorous Maidens and Woolworth's Young Ladies?"

All the choice bits, by the way, are printed in capital letters.

Some of the lucky recipients of this screed think it is a hoax. We wouldn't know. But our heart warms to the man who could write: "Fancy Female Police having the unparalleled audacity, cheek, impertinence and colossal impudence to arrest Males in the streets of London!"

Countryside Crisis

PRESIDENT of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, E. G. Gooch, M.P., tells us of his grave concern with the drift of labour from the land.

The latest Ministry figures show that with the need more urgent than ever, there are 22,500 fewer regular land workers than there were a year ago.

Despite the use of prisoners of war, the decline is a serious business now and may eventually create a first-rate crisis in home food production.

Farm Wages

There is no simple solution to the problem. But Gooch says bluntly that until such time as the wages and conditions of British farm workers are brought within comparable distance of those in the towns, the drift from the land will continue.

We agree. Working with his president, the Union General Secretary, A. C. Dann, is co-operating with the Government to implement the pledges given in the King's Speech to countryfolk.

Improvement of rural wages and conditions, better social amenities such as houses, schools, village halls, laundries, etc.—all these were mentioned in the speech. They predict the coming of long overdue reforms.

German Cheap Labour

A justified complaint of landworkers at the moment is the use by farmers of German prisoners as cheap labour. The minimum agricultural worker's rate is £3 10s. The farmer pays the authorities £2 8s. per week for the privilege of employing German prisoners.

This is an indefensible position. It has led to a tendency to employ prisoners in preference to local workers. The Germans, incidentally, work very well, and landworkers are in full agreement that they should be used.

But it would prevent much discontent if the farmer was rightly called upon to pay to the Labour Exchanges the minimum agricultural rate for each prisoner employed. There seems no reason why the farmer should make extra profits from cheap labour obligingly brought for him by the Armed Forces!

Why So Long?

IN A STATEMENT earlier this week Alfred Barnes, Minister of War Transport, cleared up some of the misunderstandings about the use of big ships such as the *Queen Mary* in taking U.S. Servicemen back home.

He gave facts and figures about the difficulties of transport that made plain what was obscure before.

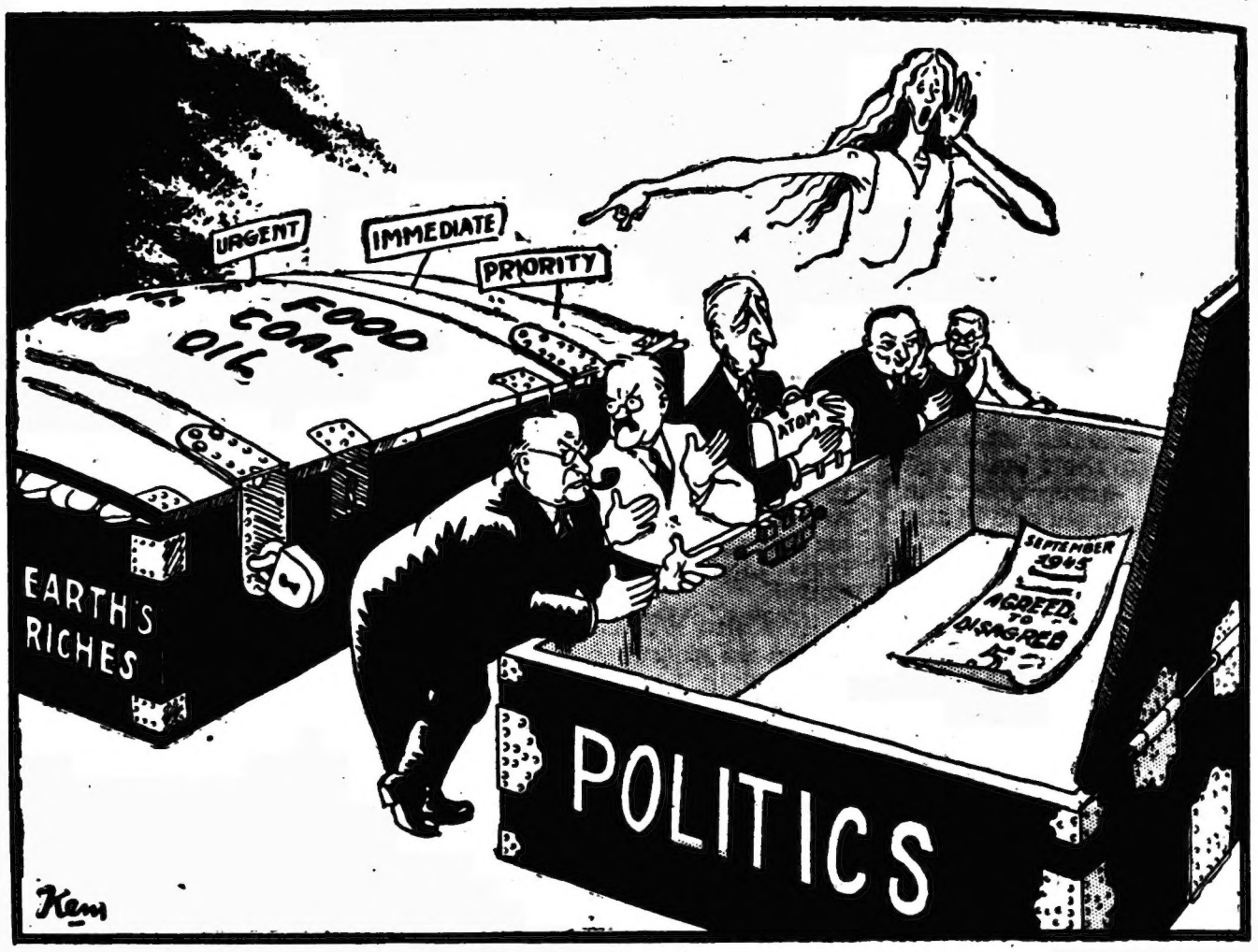
But why the delay? For weeks now every newspaper, every M.P. has been inundated with letters protesting, for example, about the apparent priority being given to Americans in use of British ships. The simple explanation now given could, and should, have been given weeks ago.

Let the Public Know

We emphasise again the warning we have already given to the Government. Keep the public informed. Give them all the facts. Clear up possible misunderstandings before they have had time to pour into the mailbags from the Services.

On half a dozen aspects of demobilisation at least the Government has been unjustly attacked—and attacked not because the critics were vindictive, but because they simply didn't know what the facts were.

We join with that group of new M.P.s who are demanding a general all-round drive to make Ministers conscious that it is not enough to be hard at work. The people must know how and why the Ministers are working.



LOOK BEHIND, GENTLEMEN

Wolves at Work

DESPITE ALL OUR WARNINGS, there is still a real danger that ex-Servicemen will be used as tools by wolves on the prowl.

The latest efforts are designed to use Servicemen as tools to secure business licences from local Retail Licensing Committees of the Board of Trade.

Ex-Servicemen are rightly given priority in the granting of such licences. The wolf proposition is that the ex-Serviceman should apply for the licence, which would probably be granted.

Mr. Wolf will stock the shop, and then, at an early date, the ex-Serviceman will transfer the business to Mr. Wolf, who will be delighted to pay him a modest lump sum for his trouble.

Precautions, Please

This, of course, is the grossest misuse of an ex-Serviceman's rights. Our readers should be on their guard against it.

Meantime, Retail Licensing Committees should be particularly careful, when dealing with ex-Servicemen's applications, to point out to applicant that the licence is granted to him—not to some nasty little smart-aleck who is waiting behind the scenes to reap the rewards of the applicant's war service.

The British Legion is right in issuing its reiterated warnings on this and associated rackets.

Gone to the Dogs

THERE IS ANGER in the hearts of true Turf devotees. Sheer vandalism rears its ugly head. Newmarket, the racing Mecca, is to have a dog track!

Greyhound racing is still regarded as a low, plebeian form of entertainment in certain racing circles. Its invasion of Newmarket is regarded by them as disastrous.

Optimists among them, however, point out that Newmarket, with its expert knowledge of pedigrees and racing lore, is hardly likely to fall for the "ersatz" racing of the greyhound track. We wouldn't be certain about that.

Racing Racketeers

What is unfortunately true is the fact that in the bigger population centres, such as London and Manchester, greyhound racing has attracted to it most of the shady characters who ever ran a black-market racket, big or small.

A Manchester detective said recently: "I could take you to any greyhound track within a radius of thirty miles from here, and point out at least a score of crooks who ought to be behind bars."

The explanation is that the crooks have a lot of ready cash which they don't care to bank. The social life around the tracks is a pleasant way of fixing up the criminal plans from which their money comes.

SHOPLIFTERS, BEWARE!

AT last concerted action is to be taken against shoplifters. In most parts of the country, due largely to lack of coupons, shoplifting has become so bad that many big stores have privately banded together to find effective countermeasures.

At the Town Hall, Bournemouth, last week forty police chiefs from forces all over the country attended a special conference. They discussed new methods of crime detection and closer co-operation between each other. Close co-operation has for long been impracticable through hindering "official boundaries" and antiquated police routine.

One of the most important matters discussed was shoplifting, and considerable criticism was made of the ridiculously small penalties imposed on offenders.

About 40 per cent. of shoplifters are never detected. Most of the remaining 60 per cent. get off with fines. Expert opinion is that, apart from genuine first offenders who yield to a sudden impulse, people who make a deliberate or regular business of it should be sent to jail without any option.

It was generally agreed that, until benches of magistrates have the courage to send shoplifters, irrespective of position or means, to prison, the thefts will never be stopped.

The police chiefs agreed to impress on lay magistrates their duty in this matter.

The Home Office is also considering a suggestion that a special appeal, over the Home Secretary's signature, should be addressed to every magistrate giving up-to-date statistics and urging more adequate punishments.

JEW and ARAB

Plain Talk on Palestine

The grave flare-up in Palestine affects us all. And, once again, Britain is being blamed. A former war correspondent in the Middle East bluntly sums up the issues

SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE about Palestine. But whatever we do now, we're bound to be in the wrong.

That's the position we've got into. Ever since 1936, when the Royal Commission's plan to partition the country into an Arab and a Jewish section was rejected, we have been vacillating, veering from one policy to another, trying to compromise.

The Arabs seized the opportunity to try what a little terrorism would do—sniping down side streets, laying ambushes on the highways.

Result: Appeasement by the Chamberlain Government. The "White Paper" of 1939, which provided for a progressive slowing down of Jewish immigration. By about the end of this year it is due to stop altogether.

The Jews carefully avoided lawless acts between 1936-39.

But a group of them took the opportunity of acquiring arms during the war. They are threatening to use them if we go on with the White Paper policy.

And so for ten years the fatal policy of putting off the evil day has only made the situation steadily worse.

Admittedly it's a difficult problem. Usually in these disputes both sides are wrong. In Palestine, both sides are right.

Let's put the legal arguments first. The Jews say that it is their country—from ancient days, the only country they can call their own.

During the 1914-18 war Balfour promised them, on behalf of Britain, that when the Turks were driven out, a National Home would be provided for them there. The League of Nations gave Britain a Mandate over the country for the express purpose of arranging a Jewish National Home in Palestine

The promise still stands, the Jews say. The terms of the Mandate have not been, and cannot be changed.

Arab Point of View

In reply the Arabs insist that Palestine is their country. They have lived in it for 1,300 years. The Atlantic Charter guarantees their right to self-determination.

We have no business to force the Jews in on them, until they become swamped in their own country by an alien people.

Legally, there's no way out. We've promised Palestine to the Jews by the Balfour declaration and the Mandate. We've promised it to Arab inhabitants by the Atlantic Charter.

Whatever we do we'll be breaking one of our promises. If we temporise, we'll break both.

That being so, can we decide in terms of human welfare? What solution would do most good to the largest number of people?

By Western standards the Jews have already done a great deal of good in Palestine.

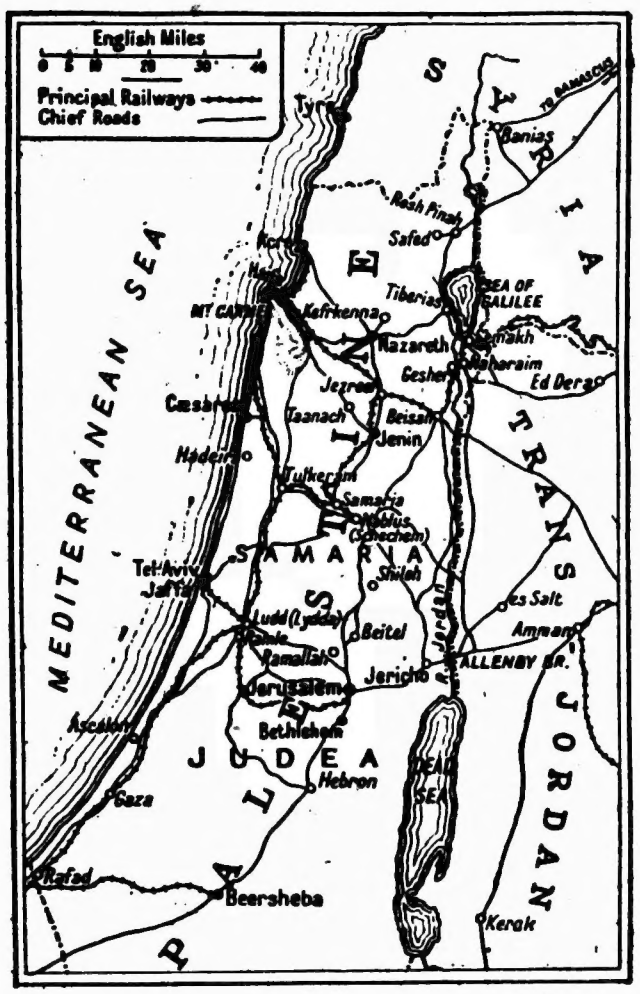
They have started irrigation works, planted orange groves and vineyards, raised crops on land which for centuries fed a mere half-dozen sheep or a few camels.

They have set up new industries—oil refineries, cement works, building, potash, diamond cutting, and the making of precision instruments.

They have imported doctors, and built hospitals, and improved the medical services.

True, they have done it largely on money subscribed by wealthy Jews abroad—America chiefly, Britain, South Africa. But why not? It was good money. It was well handled.

Palestine to-day, even after five years of war time dislocation, trade restrictions and lost markets, is far more prosperous than any of her



neighbours. Wages are higher—not only for Jews, but for Arabs as well.

Or take this one example: Twenty-three years ago there were about 600,000 Arabs in the country and round about 100,000 Jews. Since then the Jewish population has increased by some 420,000. But the Arabs have increased by over 440,000.

Where did they come from, these half-million Arabs? Some, no doubt, represent the natural increase in the population. The rest crossed the border from Syria and Lebanon, from Transjordan, from Saudi Arabia, and from even farther afield. They flocked into Palestine because there were jobs there, high wages, prosperity.

Wants Traditional Life

Why, then, are the Arabs complaining?

Well, they say, suppose 20,000,000 Americans were shunted into Britain in the course of twenty-five years. Suppose they increased your prosperity, got rid of unemployment and raised your standard of living. Would you like it?

You can pick holes in the analogy, but at least it helps towards understanding Arab feeling.

The average Arab is better off in Palestine than in (say) Iraq. But the average Jew is better off than the Arab. So the Arab feels inferior in his own country.

Besides (to be honest), he has no great taste either for hard work or for change. And the Jew works hard and is clever into the bargain.

In short, the Arab can do without all these Western "improvements." He is content if you leave him his old traditional life just above the verge of want and his leisurely ways.

Outside Palestine itself, there are two other groups of people interested in the decision.

There are the other Arab States, which (under British encouragement) have already formed an Arab League, and talk somewhat vaguely of uniting in an Arab Federation which may one day stretch from Lebanon and Syria in the north and Iraq in the east to the western borders of Egypt—perhaps eventually all the way to Casablanca.

A Jewish Palestine would take a bite out of that huge territory at one of its most strategic points. So all the Arab States have joined the cry against any further admission of Jews.

The expulsion of foreigners—Jews, French or British—from all Arab territories is almost the only policy on which they are in agreement.

On the other hand, there are the Jews in Central Europe—the remnant that is left of them—who, after twelve years of relentless persecution, are still herded in concentration camps, with no work, no friend, no future.

They have no rights· Hitler has seen to that.

It is one of the most terrible things about the world to-day, that after six years of bitter warfare the Nazis are at last defeated, Germany is broken and starving, the criminals are being brought to justice, and the cry of anti-semitism on which Hitler based his first rise to power is being shouted louder than ever.

In that basest of all Hitler's "struggles," the Fuehrer has won. He has exterminated anything up to 6,000,000 Jews in Europe. The rest he has driven out. They dare not remain.

Where are they to go? At the beginning of the century, Kenya was mooted. Would the Colonial Office consider that proposal to-day?

Will the Australians let them into the thinly settled country behind Perth? Will the Americans invite them to the United States?

Will Brazil take them? Or Russia?—The Soviet once started a Jewish Colony in the wastes beyond Baikal. What came of it?

If Palestine is closed somewhere must be found for the Jews to go, unless we propose to reopen the gas chambers of Dachau and Auschwitz and finish Hitler's job for him.

And so there are these courses open to us.

We can keep our promise to establish a Jewish National Home in Palestine, throw away the White Paper, fling the gates wide open again to Jewish immigration.

We can offer any Palestinian Arab who wants to leave, facilities to settle elsewhere in Arab territory—the Transjordan, for instance, or even in the south of Palestine, splitting the country as recommended in 1936 into a Jewish or Arab State.

And we can tell the Arabs firmly and finally that this is what we mean to do in the interests of the greater balance of human good.

That is one course. The other is to close down on all further immigration, preserve Palestine for the Arabs on the basis of the Atlantic Charter, and find the Jews a home elsewhere.

But there is a third course. We could call for an immediate United Nations' inquiry into the whole problem of the Jews in Europe. If not a conference of all the United Nations, then at least a responsible commission of the Big Three.

The fate of the Jews in Europe leads at once to the future of Palestine. Let the United Nations take over the Palestine Mandate, and America and Russia share the responsibility for the decision there.

We Must Decide Now

Three courses. Two will put us in the wrong. The third, if it is followed quickly, should put us in the right.

Any further shilly-shallying, any further putting off of the evil day, any attempt to find face-saving compromise, will only mean we have broken two promises instead of one.

It will mean guns out on both sides (and after five years of marching armies there are a lot of guns now in Palestine). It will mean guerilla warfare for years to come.

No. We must decide once for all, now. And the only basis on which we have any right to decide is this:

Which course will be better for the world as a whole? Which will benefit the largest number of people and do the least amount of harm?

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede, M.P.,

Home Secretary

J. CHUTER EDE AS SEEN BY HALL

DEAR MR. CHUTER EDE,—You were formerly a schoolmaster; a very good one. You have a deserved reputation as a humane, highly intelligent man with a wealth of practical experience in dealing with child and youth problems. With this background, can you possibly be satisfied with the present methods of handling young people who, usually through foolishness, find themselves before the courts?

We were surprised and shocked with the decision—for which your Department must take full responsibility—to make Dartmoor a super-Borstal institution. We are gravely disturbed by the mass of accumulating evidence that children brought before the juvenile courts are being treated as criminals, and are being sent to homes whose atmosphere inevitably encourages the very tendencies to crime which the Home Office should be avoiding.

Complaints of mismanagement of official "homes" and hostels (you will remember a whole series of such cases) as well as openly-aired scandals, sensations and disputes, have added to public uneasiness. They add to ours.

We confidently expected from you a wiser, more far-seeing policy on these matters than was shown by your predecessors. Up to now, we have seen little sign of it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR MR. BEVAN,—You have issued a timely warning to the unwary to be on their guard against the land-sharks. You point out that racketeers have been selling so-called "desirable building land" when, in fact, Town Planning and other regulations will not permit the land to be built upon.

But why should all the onus be placed on purchasers? Surely it is possible for you to pin some responsibility on sellers.

Persons advertising or offering to sell land should be compelled to give purchasers a certificate, stating whether or not the land can be used for building purposes. Such a certificate would protect the purchaser and give him a clear case for redress in the courts if action became necessary.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. Harry Hartley,

Vicar of Malvern Link, Worcestershire

DEAR REV. HARTLEY,—Stop all divorces and the birthrate will go up. Abolish all divorce law and Britain will be a better, happier country. These are your views. We disagree.

We would fight to prevent any duplicate of the revolting Reno-divorce racket in this country. But equally we oppose the cruel and immoral argument that two people who have made a mistaken marriage should be compelled to live the rest of their lives tied together in misery and despair.

There is not a scrap of proof for your contention that divorce is now so easy and has made marriage so insecure that procreation of children is avoided. The reasons for the declining birthrate are much more fundamental. You would be better occupied in trying to create the secure social conditions in which children would be born rather than trying, as you declare you are, to put the clock back beyond the Divorce Act of 1857.—JOHN BULL.

The Manager,

The Cinema, Long Buckby, Northants

DEAR SIR,—Yours is a unique "picture palace." The only one in the village, it is owned by the local Co-operative Society. Patrons receive the Society's normal dividend, at the rate of 1s. 8d. in the £.

They retain their half-tickets. When they accumulate £1 worth they receive the Society's purchase cheque and draw their 1s. 8d. at the quarter's end.

The top price in your cinema is 1s. 9d. Here in the West End of London 12s., 6s. and 4s. 6d. are our extortionate prices. We wish we were getting some rebate when we take the missus out.

But big business in the cinema wouldn't like that. So the cinema industry refuses to let the few co-operatively owned "divi-paying" cinemas have anything but old films. If patrons found they could see up-to-date films and still get a "divi" some of the fat profits made by the big circuits would shrink rapidly. And that would be a tragedy—for them.—JOHN BULL.

Brig.-Gen., E. R. Fitzpatrick,

Chairman, British Legion

DEAR GENERAL FITZPATRICK,—You estimate that the British Legion has now a potential membership of 5,000,000. You declare your intention to try to recurit them all. I wish you well in that task.

But I add a warning. The Legion has played a great part in securing justice for the ex-Serviceman. That is undeniable. It is also undeniable that in the past, locally and nationally, the Legion has been too much dominated by "big names."

Among your new members will be a high proportion of able young men, many of them from the ranks. You had better prepare for them to have a far bigger say and a far bigger influence in Legion policy than was demanded or granted to their ex-Service fathers.

The Legion leadership, no less than our other prized British institutions, will benefit from an influx of new blood in the highest places.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Take a Chance

IF EVER YOU ARE TEMPTED to keep your opinions to yourself because you are afraid they may be unpopular, or may appear foolish beside the ideas held by the majority, or expounded by people you think wiser than yourself, forget your fears

Don't hesitate to say what you honestly think and believe.

No one has a monopoly of wisdom.

Your opinion may be wrong: of course it may—no human mind is infallible. But it may also be right.

The true meaning of facts and ideas can only be brought out by discussion and argument. Experience must be interpreted—and this can only be done by a free interchange of ideas.

Mistakes must be rectified—and how can this be done except by discussion, the exchange of experiences, and the clash of opinions?

Why should you have such a poor opinion of yourself as to think that your experience, your opinions, your ideas, are of no interest?

There is only one way of knowing something worth while about any subject. That is by hearing all the arguments for and against, weighing them up in your own mind and then putting them through the sieve of your own judgment.

As long as your opinions are based on honest judgment and a cool appreciation of all available facts, they may just as well be right as wrong. So stick out your chest and take a chance.

Argument

"Millowner's son inherits Millions." But should he?

OUGHT WE TO END INHERITANCE OF WEALTH?

Yes

1. Wide inequalities of wealth, agreed to be bad, are largely the result of inheritance.
2. Of any three rich men, one probably inherited all his money; the second inherited two-thirds of it; and only the third earned it.
3. "A man must provide for his children." No doubt. But the figures show that on the average a rich man's children are forty before they inherit.
4. Ill-advised bequests do great harm. Men have left large sums to their young mistresses. One woman left a fortune to buy an island where all ill-treated animals could be taken and set free. Presumably she'd never heard of an ill-treated child.
5. Inheritors of fortunes are often obsessed by their financial superiority, and do not cultivate their own talents.
6. Intermarriage of rich families tends to bring great wealth into fewer hands.
7. Professor Laski sums up inheritance thus: Possession of private property is justified only by performance of useful function. I own because I serve. I cannot own because someone else has served.

No

1. The world advances because of individual effort. Men work for their families.
2. If inheritance is prohibited, men will not trouble to accumulate the capital so vital to industry.
3. To pass on business, estate or fortune to an heir is a deep-seated human instinct. The Law flouts such instincts at its peril.
4. Inheritance duties are already so high that if several deaths in line of descent come close together a family may be impoverished. Relief of this injustice is needed, not higher taxation, or abolition of inheritance.
5. How can a man bring up his children in a style of life of which his death will immediately deprive them? And in what style of life is he to bring them up, if not in his own?
6. Great fortunes are always being distributed and new fortunes made. The idea of inheritance as a dominant social factor is a myth.
7. Even under complete Socialism, human instinct will demand as great a degree of inheritance as the system permits.

These three students, watching an operation, will do years of hard work to become doctors. Their efforts must not be wasted

HIT-OR-MISS DOCTORING

Britain's doctors are the best in the world, but their skill is often wasted through our out-of-date medical system. Here is the case for State control, argued, from first-hand knowledge, by an Experienced Patient

THIS ARTICLE is about medical services. But it is not aimed at the panel system. Nor is it a record of long hours passed in dreary hospital waiting-rooms.

Yet it deals with an aspect of our present medical system which affects hundreds of thousands of people.

These are the ones who, often as a result of overtime and increased wages, are earning, as I was, just too much to be on a panel.

They must pay for their medical treatment, yet they cannot afford the luxuries of Harley Street, nor such things as long and expensive courses of injections.

Have you ever wakened in the morning knowing that you were going to be ill? Not merely off-colour, but ill enough to need a doctor? And have you then been in a position of not knowing what on earth you were going to do about it?

It happened to me recently. I had only just moved to London. I didn't know any doctors. Even if I had noticed a doctor's name-plate in my area I should have had no idea whether he was good, bad or indifferent.

In my search for treatment I found out a great deal about the intricacies of the medical world, and the taboos which it has erected for its protection.

"I'll Give You a Tonic"

Eventually I found a doctor by asking a policeman, who gave me a tip to ask a chemist. The chemist knew all the doctors in the area, their failings and their virtues.

The doctor was a pleasant fellow, who listened to all I had to say with great attention and examined me with equal care.

"There's not much the matter with you," he said. "I'll give you a tonic."

Now that was exactly what I was waiting for him to say. "Doctor," I replied, "I have been ill on and off now for several months. I'm getting thinner and thinner. I've taken so much tonic I ought to feel fine. But I don't. I feel awful."

"But I can find nothing organically wrong with you," he said, in his most calming voice. "How about taking a holiday?"

"I've had two weeks already, and all I did was to catch a bad cold. No, I want something done, and done soon, to get well again."

The time allowed for my appointment was obviously finished. "Well, take this tonic anyhow and let's see what you look like in a week."

I paid for the interview and went out feeling that I had got nowhere, and had lost ten shillings.

I wanted another opinion. I wanted a really *expert* diagnosis. It was becoming obvious that whatever was wrong with me did not fall within the experience of this General Practitioner.

I was shy of saying outright to the doctor that I wanted another medical opinion. I thought it would be rude.

That was very stupid. It is the right of every patient to ask for another opinion if he thinks that the doctor has not made the correct diagnosis.

But don't misunderstand me. It is futile to question a doctor's judgment just because you have got in a panic about a sudden pain or illness. It is when the thing drags on for weeks and months without showing signs of responding to treatment that you should ask for one.

If the doctor is worth the confidence you have placed in him, he will immediately agree.

Some patients are terrified of asking for a second opinion about their illnesses—they are afraid to hear bad news. But, surprisingly, there are also a lot of people who, having asked for a second opinion, refuse to take any notice of it.

Another type of patient well known to doctors is the one who spends a great deal of time in consultations, and then suddenly gets the idea from a neighbour that such-and-such a person, often an unqualified quack, can cure them with some ointment or a monkey's paw.

When these patients die as a result of their folly, the doctor is often blamed for "not doing anything about poor old Arthur in time to save him."

What Will It Cost ?

Who arranges for the second opinion? And what will it cost?

It is a gross breach of medical etiquette for you or me to start telephoning Harley Street specialists to try to fix up an appointment. That is the doctor's job.

Every doctor worth the name should know what sort of specialist can handle your particular complaint. If for some reason he does not know exactly the man for your case, it is his duty to contact the British Medical Association and ask for the list of specialists that handle your particular illness.

Some doctors always send their patients to the same specialists, often the men under whom they trained as students. You can ask to be sent to a particular specialist if you like. But if you have no preference of your own, you should leave it to the doctor to fix an appointment.

The appointment will not cost you less than three guineas. If you are to have any "extras," such as a number of X-ray pictures, it may cost three times that sum.

When the specialist has given you the consultation, he does not ever tell you all that he will tell your doctor. This again strikes the layman as unfair.

But often what the specialist has to say is unintelligible to the patient, although most of us are less stupid than the experts think.

Another reason why the specialist does not tell you all there is to know may be that many people leave the second opinion so late that the only news he can give you is quite negative. You have left the thing too long, you are probably incurable. And that is the hardest news to break.

So he tells your own General Practitioner what is the matter with you. If the G.P. is a good man, he will use his own judgment as to what you are capable of hearing without breaking down.

After my consultation I was told quite a lot about my troubles. In fact, I was told enough to make me worry a great deal on the way home. It seemed that I should get steadily weaker unless I had costly treatment in a clinic.

Again, the same bogey of expense reared its head. So few of us can afford to be ill. Even fewer can afford the means of getting well again.

I then discovered that I could have joined one of the many provident schemes that cover hospital and treatment fees. But I had not known of such a scheme, and so it rested with me to argue out the expenses with the almoner at the hospital to which I went.

In the end we arranged that I should pay about £30 for my treatment.

Case of Hit or Miss

I was fortunate in not having to have an operation. An operation with all the "extras" might have run into £150 if it had meant a really big job.

The present medical system, of course, gives free treatment and attention in hospital Out-Patients' Departments for people who cannot afford to pay. But too often this means hours spent in dreary hospital waiting-rooms, and an unsympathetic attitude on the part of nurses, orderlies and even doctors.

For those of us who come in between the rich and the poor—and there are millions of us—it is a case of hit or miss. We go to a doctor here, a specialist there, we have treatment somewhere else, and perhaps an operation in a hospital miles from home.

We do our best to pay for it all. We don't want charity, but we do want a share in the benefits that every citizen should be allowed to have.

The new Government is now planning a State medical scheme. Many doctors don't like the idea. They resent the thought of being pushed around by Civil Servants.

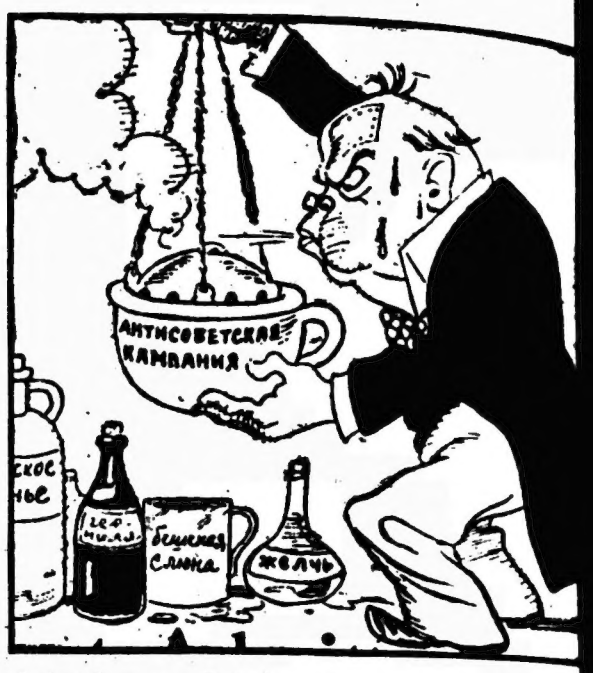
But if they don't like the new plan, why don't they produce their own system of teamwork? Why cannot they work out a better way for us to share evenly and all over the country the benefits of first-class medical attention?

Any sensible ideas which they put up will arouse great interest. So far they have been very late in starting anything worth considering.

ANGUS McCOLL.

WHAT IS RUSSIA UP TO?

Collapse of the Big Three Talks has left the ordinary man worried and puzzled. What is Russia driving at? Is she playing a double game? Here is an attempt to read the riddle of Stalin's intentions



The typical attitude of hate and suspicion existing between Britain and Russia up to the early war-years is portrayed in the two cartoons above. Left, an American cartoon depicts the reticence of Britain to ally herself with Russia. It is called "Shot-gun Wedding." Right, a Russian cartoonist depicts a Tory Capitalist mixing an Anti-Soviet brew from bottles labelled "Insane Hatred," "Insolence" and "Gall"

TO HEAR SOME PEOPLE TALK, you would imagine that the aims of Soviet Russia in the post-war world were a secret closely guarded by Stalin's inscrutable smile.

"What is Russia up to?" they demand. Conjectures range from a view of the Kremlin as the fount of all brotherliness to the opinion that Satan has resigned in favour of Molotov.

Perhaps Moscow's censorship and general taciturnity, to her own people as well as foreigners, are partly to blame. Nevertheless, though isolated acts of Soviet diplomacy may baffle immediate interpretation, the broad lines of her policy are surely clear to any who care to study the available facts, the national needs which produce national desires.

Above all, and like most of the no-longer-so-United Nations, Russia needs to reconstruct the lands that Hitler devastated and to resume the development he interrupted.

Although she sprawls across nearly one-sixth of the world's land surface, a sweep of the earth that is rich in nearly all raw materials, most of her wealth behind the Urals and in Siberia is still in blue-prints. Her best-developed territories, scorched to deny their help to the Nazis, have twice been swept by the tide of war.

She needs the builders as much as our bombed-out families need them here. And no Five Years' Plan is going to suffice.

Russia Must Have Peace

She desires, she *must* desire, a long term of peace; free, if possible, from the outside menaces that might turn the energies of her 170,000,000 people (multiplying at the rate of 3,000,000 a year) towards the making of defensive armaments rather than the building of a new and better Russia.

All right, you say, then why does she not positively declare these laudable intentions, which are so like our own, and stop playing mysterious games of power politics in Europe?

Fairly plainly, Russia does not yet fully trust the other Powers any more than, despite all the Atlantic Charters and San Francisco declarations, any of them have complete faith in the rest. (Note, in this connection, America's cautions about the atom bomb).

Signatures on documents do not ensure peace, as we know bitterly enough by now; and undoubtedly they say in Russia, too, "What is Britain up to?" and "What game is America playing?"

While the rules of poker continue to be the only international law, there is some reason for Russian dubiety. The Kremlin knows that for a hundred years Britain, maintaining a "balance of power" in Europe which, in fact, meant keeping a casting vote in her own hands, has regarded Russia as a rival to be baulked.

Only when common danger has threatened have the two ever united. For the rest—Did Russia want an outlet into the Mediterranean? Then we sided with those in her path, fearing that the Bear's shadow might fall on our vital Empire communications in the Near and Middle East.

Did she seek friendships outside her frontiers? Then we had to line up new countries against her.

In Asia, we watched India's North-West Frontier, poising all our defences and lines of communication behind it to meet a threat from Russia (only to find, when peril finally came, that the Japanese we had so loudly applauded for licking Tsarist Russia at Port Arthur were striking at the North-East we had never thought of defending).

Memories of those old, bad jealousies have not yet been entirely banished—and there are newer ones. Russians do not forget that, after the First World War, Britain sent a force against the Bolsheviks. They remember the following period when most British statesmen painted Red Russians as hairy apes with bombs in their paws.

He Plays Hitler's Record

It is said, too, that Stalin still sometimes plays over to himself a secret recording which Hitler had made and sent to him of certain things Mr. Chamberlain said at Berchtesgaden. . . .

You see that, if they look back instead of forward, our Soviet allies have grounds for suspicion. They are also, doubtless, influenced by their own propaganda, which has found it necessary to portray all citizens of capitalist States either as chained slaves or as Machiavellian blood-suckers.

In this present tribal world, therefore, they are inevitably inclined to regard mistrust as "healthy." They are encouraged all the time not to step out in front of the other Big Powers on the path to international accord lest they present an unprotected back to their companions.

With the other nations experiencing much the same feelings, it is not surprising that progress is slow. But obviously, while waiting for a better World Order to come to pass, we should not be surprised or mystified if Soviet Russia, striving to build the security she needs for the reconstruction she mu have, sometimes seems to use the jostlin methods and double-talk of power politic which none of us has yet abandoned.

We may be disappointed, but that another matter. . . .

No Material Expansion

Despite all that, one thing is certain— none of the Kremlin's moves is or will be de signed primarily for territorial aggrandise ment.

Russia's empire is too vast to nee material extension (except perhaps that sh would like that back-door to the Mediter ranean), and if she pushes outwards anywher it is chiefly a defence measure.

Her army chiefs will urge that policy, an it should not be forgotten that, to win th war, the Communists have had reluctantly t allow the Red Army to grow into a consider able separate power within the State.

Security—that, all the time, is Russia strategy. Security for reconstruction. On fancies that she is sometimes a little puzzle to find how often the pursuit of this objectiv involves her in complex economical an political tangles.

She can always remind the Western Allie that, but for her triumphant resistance t Hitler, we should have needed 3,000,000 mor men in Europe and (short of atomic bombing the war would still be in progress and likel to last for two more years. . . .

What about the old Bolshevik view tha Communism, to live successfully anywhere must be spread everywhere? That died whe Trotsky fell and was buried when the Comin tern was disbanded. Stalin to-day is a single track nationalist; which is not necessarily a good a thing as flag-wavers suppose.

One of these distant days. Trotskyism may return, but for the present Russia know that any attempts to force her form of govern ment on other countries would take strength from her interior programme. Moreover most of Europe to-day is going Left withou the aid of Russian agents.

Now, if this simplification of the "Riddl

by THE EDITOR

Russia" is broadly correct, there are evi-
tly, even in the present unsatisfactory
e of world affairs, no insuperable obstacles
Anglo-Soviet accord.

The differences that exist are more those
method than of aim, and Mr. Bevin was not
g over-optimistic when he gave the House
Commons last week his conviction that the
Five breakdown need not last.

There is, certainly, a serious division over our
rpretation of the Democracy we wish to
ourage in the Balkans and elsewhere.

To us, Democracy means government *by* the
ple, as well as of and for them—and can mean
hing else.

The Russians, however, have in the past
arded our ideals as a mere cloak for capitalist
oitation. And to-day they themselves mean
Democracy a system under which the people
e a secure livelihood through State controls in
ch they have no real say.

Russia has to a certain extent been forced by
of outside and inside foes into those
litarian ways which she undoubtedly follows.
we can now convince her that she no longer
such enemies, she may find it possible to
x some of her sterner safeguards. She has
nged her methods before. . . .

Already, indeed, some of her apprehension
cerning Britain's capitalism must have been
oved by our new swing to Socialism. We can
on from there.

Another obstacle is the "*bloc*" question.
ssia feels obliged to create an Eastern *bloc* of
ions in Europe to counter the Western *bloc*
suspects Britain of forming (an excellent
mple of power politics, or *fear* politics, as they
rate to-day).

The remedy here is for us to renounce, in
d as well as in words, the old Balance of Power
icy—in which, anyway, there is now small hope
even immediate advantage—and hope that
ssia will be equally progressive.

We must try to make political accord move as
t as economic compulsion. Actively, not only
words, we must work against a drift back to
nineteenth century. We must aim for a pool-
of power, for the realisation of the Anglo-
viet Alliance and the Potsdam Agreement.

Keys to European Doors

Instead of planning to hold as many keys to
ropean doors as possible, we should demon-
ate our willingness either to open all doors
d throw away the keys or to let every nation
ve copies of the keys it needs.

If there is now disagreement about the
ginal Big Three intentions, then there should
another meeting of Prime Ministers, at which
clear-cut formula should once again be
empted.

The Foreign Secretaries, after that, could
et again with unambiguous rules to follow.
en, as Mr. Bevin says, patience, tolerance and
elligence can produce results.

Some one of the Great Powers must take a
p in front of the others, saying, "See? I do
t fear you behind my back. Now come forward
h me, arm-in-arm."

The atom bomb, blowing San Francisco and
tsdam as high in a way as it blew Hiroshima,
esents the great opportunity.

Despite Mr. Truman's decision to keep the
m secret within America and despite Mr.
tlee's tacit approval of that course, it will be
own in about six months. Sharing this secret,
publication to all nations would inaugurate
new era in international confidence.

Then it will be pikestaff-plain to all the world
at a real World Authority must instantly be
tituted to govern the new threat to the world's
. And then Anglo-Russian accord, only one
all part of the world's difficulties, will be well
the way to solution.

YOUNG BLOOD FOR A NEW BRITAIN

Our M.P.s are young, clever and know the needs of the people. They are moved by aspirations fixed by burning idealism. They want a New Britain and a New World, says

HANNEN SWAFFER

FORTUNATELY FOR THE future of all of us, Parliament is for the first time in its history, in fact as well as in name, the tribune of the people.

It is a cross-section of the community, a microcosm of our island race, an assembly drawn from every class and almost every calling. Never before were there sent to Westminster a body of M.P.s so conversant with the needs and the aspirations of the electorate.

More, the new House of Commons is inspired by higher idealism and a keener zest and urge than was true of any of its predecessors.

No longer can it be said, for instance, that the Labour Party, dominant at last, is mainly made up of trade unionists who can easily be called to heel by their bosses. To-day, they represent less than one-fifth of their Party in the House.

Nor can it be dismissed as "the working class," by which we usually mean those who live by manual toil. It now includes black-coat workers and professional men of every kind—yes, even one banker and one general!

Technicians of all kinds are in its ranks—thirteen technologists, chemists and engineers, fifty teachers, lecturers and researchers, and a dozen dentists, doctors and oculists.

They Know Battle

More, the new Labour politicians include soldiers and sailors, officers and men from the ranks, who have fought on all the battlefields of history's greatest war. They have returned, with first-hand knowledge, from India and Burma, from Greece and Italy, and from Africa and Germany. They have taken part in raids on Norway. They have sailed and flown right across the world.

Scores of these are fresh converts to a faith with which they burn. They glow with the inward fire of revivalists.

That is why this Parliament is likely to be a lively one. For scores of these young Parliamentarians are already showing signs of restiveness.

Soon, if the Cabinet shows any signs of slackening, there will be a "Ginger Group"—not a handful, this time, but a large body. The criticism will come, not so much from an Opposition largely led by men who will never again hold office, but from back-benchers on the Government side.

They fear it is "Now or never"—that if Labour fails to implement its pledges, the alternative is not a discredited Conservatism but either a veiled form of Fascism or else a swing in favour of Communist extremes.

Who will be leader of this group if it is formed? At present, the younger Labour men seem to gather around Michael Foot, part-author of *Guilty Men* and the fiery son of Isaac Foot, a Radical anti-booze stalwart who quoted Cromwell and Isaiah with equal facility.

Soon, we shall know whether or not Churchill seriously intends to lead his defeated followers, or whether he will leave things to Eden—and Butler, the alternative successor—and write, instead, the war book for which the world is waiting.

Anyway, over seventy, he is tired after two illnesses and long war-strain.

So far, his chief followers have not served him well. Several of them have gone into the City, filling seats on the boards of banks and insurance companies. By so doing, they have weakened, beforehand, the strength of their opposition to the Government's nationalisation schemes. For they have come out openly as professional champions of Big Business. They have betrayed, for all the country to see, where their interests lie.

M.P.s Surprised

On the other hand, many M.P.s on the other side have had to relinquish lucrative employment in order to give their full time to their new job in Parliament.

Some of them became M.P.s to their intense surprise. They stood as candidates, never expecting election, merely to put up "propaganda fights." Benn Levy, the dramatist husband of Constance Cummings, the film actress, is a case in point. But he, of course, is well-to-do.

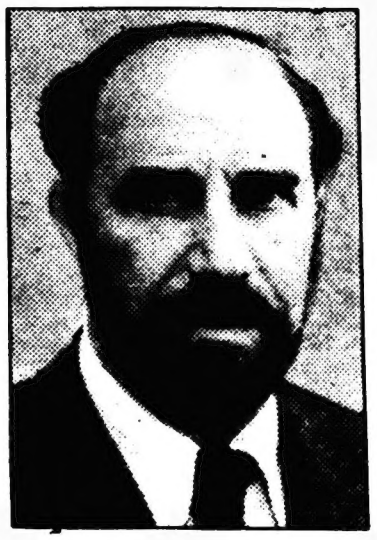
Another new M.P., one with whom I recently spoke, is among the many Socialists who face financial embarrassment. We were discussing, with a Minister, the "new poor," those whose election might mean privation.

"Anyway, you are all right," said the Minister. The new Member was an officer, splendidly educated and born in a well-placed family.

"Indeed I am not," was the reply. "I had a good job in the advertising business. I've had to give that up. If my wife were not acting as my secretary, I could not manage to go on. Now, I have only my £600 a year."

Many are in the same boat. But they do not complain.

They regard their Parliamentary career as part of the high adventure on which all Britain has embarked. They look upon the evolving of a better social order as their primary duty.



Benn Levy, M.P., helped to keep Greece going with arms and food

In order to fit themselves for that, some of the young Parliamentarians have spent the recess in travelling abroad in order to become acquainted with the real position.

Benn Levy flew to Greece which, during the war, he helped to keep going with arms and food as an officer on a supply ship.

Tom Driberg dashed off to Burma, to learn the truth about "The Forgotten Army"

Raymond Blackburn went to Berlin, where he had frank talks about the difficulties of demobilisation, not only with the men but with Montgomery himself.

These are only three typical cases. Others journeyed to Paris to gather inside news about de Gaulle, the shortage of food, and the swing to the Left, and to Holland, Belgium, and Italy

All these will be able, and eager, to question Ministers who may be relying too much on the official information supplied to them by diplomats already suspected of an anti-democratic bias.

Generally speaking, the Tories serving in India and the Middle East were content to accept the traditional pre-war views about "the natives." On the other hand, Labour men, whether officers or privates, mixed with the people and sought to discover the causes of trouble.

Major Woodrow Wyatt, a young barrister who won the Aston division of Birmingham from the Conservatives, is a case in point. He returned from service in India with a considerable knowledge of the problems confronting us there.

Saw for Themselves

Others, while in the Army in Egypt, spent their leisure, not in the bar at Shepheard's Hotel, but out among "the natives.' Those who were in Palestine have come back with a knowledge of both the Jewish and the Arab arguments about "our national home.'

So it is that if Ernest Bevin clings to any of the views he accepted about Greece while he was in the War Cabinet, he will be challenged from young men on the benches behind him. So it is that the Government's desire to "Feed Europe Now" will be strengthened by M.P.s who know, because of what their own eyes have seen, of the grim tragedy facing millions of "displaced persons."

Although they know of the need for Party unity, these young Labour men are in no complacent follow-my-leader mood. They believe that grave emergency demands boldness of decision. And they have the first-hand knowledge with which to state their case.

There is abroad, everywhere in the land, evidence of a spiritual revival—a national resurgence and an awakening of a national conscience.

When once in control of Government Departments, Ministers are apt to listen overmuch to the Civil Service viewpoint, and to accept the idea that little can be done.

This time, I do not think that can happen. Their supporters in the new Parliament are too keen and too critical.

They are moved by aspirations that, at present at least, nothing can quench. They want a New Britain. They envisage a New World.

And they have been sent to the Commons to hasten the time of its coming.

Not a famous figure, but the District Auditor does a big job in a quiet way. His vigilance protects your rates and taxes from the hands of frauds and grafters

The "D.A." Guards Your Pocket

AN ODD LITTLE DRAMA took place one chill November day in a back room of a local town hall. There two men sat combing the accounts of the local council. They carried out the job with the precision of practised accountants.

Long years of such work had reduced it to routine. But they could never tell.

A slur in the formation of a nought might give them a clue to other tell-tale signs. Then they would open up a trail which might lead to the Old Bailey.

They were still deep in the figures when a grey-haired woman was shown in by the attendant. She took one of the seats reserved for the public. It was part of the privilege of citizenship to attend the checking of local accounts.

A few minutes later the woman started out of her seat and said: "Excuse me, sir, there's something I must tell you."

The taller of the two men at the table looked up. "What is it?" he inquired.

The woman was embarrassed talking in front of two people. It was some time before she told her story.

Her husband, it appeared, had discovered that 30 per cent. of the produce from one of the farms run by the council for local institutions was passing back into the hands of the councillors' friends.

Risk of the Sack

When her husband said he intended to inform the police, they immediately threatened to sack him. Righteous indignation quickly sobered down under the threat. He was a poor man. He could not risk the sack. But when he told his wife the story, she suddenly remembered that the public audit was due the following month. They agreed to wait.

The man who sat and listened to this story, with all the impartiality of a judge, was known as the District Auditor. He was a middle-aged man, with greying hair and pin-striped trousers. He might have been mistaken for a solicitor's clerk. But the conventional exterior was a cover for one of the shrewdest investigators in the country.

He listened to the woman's story and then began a ruthless search until, at last, he discovered all the evidence. Within six months there were some radical changes in the local government of that area. And the husband of the woman who first started the inquiry kept his job.

Like a Judge

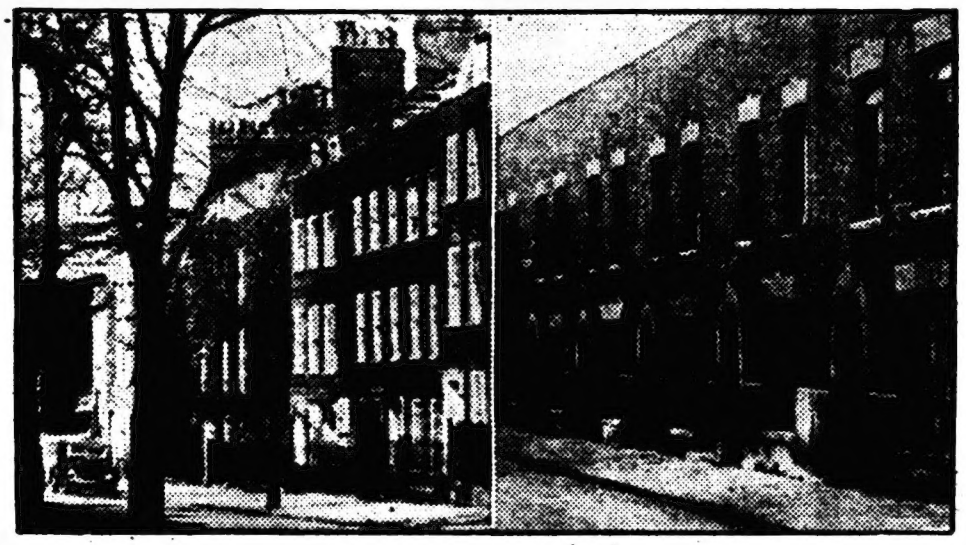
The District Auditor—a dull enough title. But this is the man who safeguards the taxes which you pay into your local council's coffers. He travels the country like an Assize judge and holds open "court" which anyone can attend.

He arrives on a fixed date which should be advertised. Then he begins the long search for any discrepancies, excesses or "cooking" of the accounts of your local council. He safeguards every penny you pay for public use.

Sometimes years of routine work go by with nothing to show but a multitude of ticks, stamps and signatures. Then comes an event like the Poplar Council case in London, where £26,000 of public money was involved. In this case, the investigations of the District Auditor recovered the equivalent of a ninepenny rate from the various contractors concerned.

There was also the story of the first-class fares. A town council had passed a resolution allowing members first-class railway fares. In the next four months the District Auditor found that no fewer than 575 claims for first-class fares were made. Yet, when he consulted the railways concerned, their records showed only sixty-one first-class tickets were issued.

A close inquiry followed, and sums of money varying from £1 to £5 had to be paid back into council funds by the fictional first-class travellers.



SHOULD RICHER BOROUGHS HELP POORER ONES?

HAMPSTEAD, a well-to-do London Borough, pays only 10s. 6d. in the pound rates. There is little call for public relief expenditure

POPLAR, congested home of thousands, pays an 18s. rate. There is a big demand for public relief. This anomaly in rates is discussed below

Local Elections

The work of the District Auditor has a special significance this week, because November 1 sees the start of the "other general election," the municipal elections.

Whoever gets into power in your local council will be faced with a considerable expenditure. Plans of a progressive government will have to be met. Such expenditure is very much in the province of the District Auditor.

Simultaneously with the local elections, some interesting books on local government have just appeared.

Here you will find the story of the District Auditor told in detail, the machinery of local government explained, the real core of British democracy critically examined.

Make no mistake about it. Local government may be the indispensable partner of national government. But it is the instrument of democracy nearest to the man in the street. It is also an ancient instrument. It has grown, in some ways, rusty, and it can be completely misused.

Going Right—and Wrong

If you want a simple statement of just how local government operates read the first-rate *Guide to Political London*, by E. C. R. Hadfield and J. E. MacColl (Pilot Press, 7s. 6d.).

The London County Council is fortunate in many respects. It is big, powerful, and on the whole up to date, but the story unfolded in this book has its counterparts throughout the whole country.

On the other hand, if you want to know where local government has gone wrong, read *Democracy and Local Government*, by D. M. Goodfellow (English Universities Press, Ltd., 6d.), and the *Fabian Quarterly* (Fabian Society, 1s.).

The *Fabian Quarterly* is somewhat heavy going, but it is worth the effort. *Democracy and Local Government* is half an hour's easy reading.

When we come to revising the framework of local government, we are back once more in the field of the District Auditor. He deals with the finances of local government. And it is just this field which hamstrings some of the most progressive councils.

One-quarter of your local council's money comes from the central government, in the form of grants. One-third comes from local rates, and the rest from fees, tolls, fines and trading receipts. Rates, of course, are the biggest bugbear of all.

Take two identical houses, one in Hove and one in Aberdare. The owner in Hove pays only 8s. 8d. in the £1 for rates. The owner in Aberdare pays 21s.!

Framework Cracked

Why? The answer is simple enough. Far too often poor areas have to meet big demands for public relief. In consequence, they have to keep their rates high. Yet rich areas, where the people can afford to pay higher rates, have less call for public relief, and can bring down their rates.

Something is wrong here. The disparity could be overcome if a regional authority which embraced both rich and poor areas fixed a standard rate equally distributed between them.

This is only one of some pretty bad cracks in the ancient frame of British local government. Some of them closely affect the present elections.

For instance, should local councillors be paid for the job?

As things stand at the moment, there is a strong tendency for men of means to become councillors in place of working men. A working man cannot afford to give up his job for several afternoons a week to attend council meetings. He would lose his pay. And, as the law stands, he cannot be compensated.

We need the District Auditor to keep check on local government expenditure. But he alone cannot get us very far.

The machinery of local government is, itself, in need of overhaul, and we might make a start with finance.

VINCENT BROME.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

My Constant Reader, Hezekiah Shuffle-beam, has been writing again. His previous articles provoked an avalanche of correspondence, a deluge of letters and a spate of postal communications. Of these, 25 per cent. disagreed with him, a further 25 per cent. wanted him to subscribe to something, while 50 per cent. couldn't understand what he was talking about. Here is his latest effort.

The Latest on Law

NOW I AM GOING TO TELL YOU all I know about International Law. Only two or three people really understand International Law, which is perhaps why it is not bothered about much, except when it is on your side.

International Law is quite different from the law we know. International Law, for instance, cannot fine you for riding a bicycle without a light.

In fact, that is one of its drawbacks. It is so high that, although it can say when any country has done wrong, it hasn't any punishments that it can give. All it can do is to say, "You didn't ought to have done it."

INTERNATIONAL LAW becomes much more thought about in war time. It is very useful for putting the other side in the wrong. It is also useful for stopping the other side from doing something to you when you can't do the same thing to them. For instance, International Law was very much against bombing cities and towns in 1940.

It was also against indiscriminate bombing. But fortunately the Allies were clever at pin-point bombing, and, in Cologne, the cathedral and the German Ford factory were left almost untouched.

INTERNATIONAL LAW thinks that you mustn't harm people unless you are actually engaged in a battle. Even then you must only kill people with weapons which it approves of. For instance, poison gas is frowned on, but flame-throwers are all right.

International Law is very slow-moving. Look at the time it has taken over Goering and Co. You or I would have had that trial over a long time ago, in fact, it wouldn't have taken five minutes. But International Law won't believe anything at all unless it is served up in writing with parsley round it.

The Japanese refused to recognise International Law. This gave them a big advantage over us. They didn't even have to say they were starting a war before bombing Pearl Harbour.

THEY ILL-TREATED PRISONERS because they had never agreed that they wouldn't. They wouldn't allow the Red Cross to inspect camps because they said they didn't hold with the Red Cross anyway.

So nobody, not even International Law, could do anything about it. But I expect the Japanese war criminals will be tried by International courts.

International Law needs revising after every war. As far as I can make out, if the Law bans a certain weapon, the side that uses it first is the criminal. But after that it is generally released for everybody.

The experts will have a lot of trouble framing laws to cope with the atom bomb. Whoever drops it first will win and won't care much whether International Law said they could or no

"Useless" Demob Training Centres

Homeless Sailor's "reward." Are these journeys really necessary? Is the Co-op. a monopoly? A slippery problem about soap. Cooking in the RAF. Old people can serve the community

FOR SIX AND A HALF YEARS I, a certificated teacher, have taught at a Ministry of Labour Training Centre. For some time I have been black-listed because I have dared to criticise the training methods. Now I have received notice. I'm sacked.

Here are some facts. Ex-Servicemen are being allowed to attend Government training centres for six months. They are told that they will be "under picked instructors who have been through the Ministry of Labour's staff college and have been taught how to teach." That is a quotation from the sort of bally-hoo given out to the newspapers.

The staff college course lasts two weeks. The teachers include men who have had no lecturing or academic qualifications. Although many of them are competent tradesmen it must, in some instances, be a case of the blind leading the blind.

If ex-Servicemen are to get the full benefit of their six months' training the centres must have really qualified teachers. To get that, these vital units in our educational system should be transferred without delay to the control of the Ministry of Education. As I am forbidden to write to the Press about my job, I shall be glad if you will withhold my name and address for the present. —INSTRUCTOR, Ministry of Labour.

Dawn Patrol

HAVING BEEN A factory worker more than forty years I shiver at the thought of winter again. It was bad

"I dread arriving at 7 a.m."

enough before the war, but now, with the coal shortage, I dread arriving at 7 a.m. before the central heating has warmed up.

Out of twenty-eight firms I have worked for, only two have seen that the heating has been adequate first thing in the morning. Of course, it's all right later in the day when the inspectors come round—usually with the manager. —H. E., Keighley, Yorks.

Homeless On Leave

MY MOTHER was taken to a mental home a year ago. My father died when I was four years old. I am now nineteen and have been in the Navy two years.

In May the local urban district council gave me notice to quit my mother's house as it was unoccupied except when I was on leave. Now my mother has no home to come back to, and I have to stay at the Y.M.C.A. when I'm on leave. This is my reward for volunteering for the country.—STOKER T. C. (address enclosed).

Government Round Trip

MY NEPHEW, whose release group is twenty-two, has gone back to Austria after leave in this country. What's the sense in sending a man all that way back when he's due for demobilisation so very soon? No wonder transport is short.—MRS. ELIZABETH MARSHALL, 37, Wood Green, Whitwood, Normanton, Yorks.

Closed Shop

THE MANAGER OF THE general store where I work supplies saucepans and things like that to his business friends in return for scarce goods which they are able to obtain. Other rackets are being stopped. Is there no solution to this? Please don't publish my name as I am hoping to get a kettle one day. —W., Yorkshire.

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Mr. Jones Speaks Out

WHY PESTER THE GOVERNMENT about cosmetics (JOHN BULL, September 22)? Lipstick is not a necessity. Women who have adequate self-respect never resort to camouflage.—W. L. JONES, 362, St. Ann's Road, N.15.

In Defence of Co-ops.

SIR WALDRON SMITHERS showed his ignorance of the Co-operative movement in his letter to you (JOHN BULL, September 29). He should realise that 9,225,240 people, who have saved £222,362,324 to invest in Government securities and to supply and run their own shops, do not constitute a monopoly.

The Co-op. is a protection against the absentee shopkeeper in the multiple store. Sir Waldron talks of the twenty-two Co-operative Members of Parliament. He does not mention the scores of Big Business representatives who sit on his side of the House.—W. HENRY BROWN, Eversley, Heaton Mersey, Manchester.

Word from a Tryer

SINCE "FREE SPEECH" started, I have written you something every week without fail. Although I have had nothing printed so far, I maintain that the published letters are constructive and enjoyable. I and my family do not agree with the Wolverhampton reader (JOHN BULL, September 22) who criticised you for putting in what he thinks are petty complaints.—E. C. JAMES, 45, The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.

Cold Cabbage

COOKING IN THE R.A.F. may be based on scientific theory, but it's carried out on utilitarian principles. In 1941 I was cooking a mess dinner and a few minutes before the meal-time we found we had not put the cabbage on. It was barely warm when we served it. The sergeant came in to see what it was all about, realised the truth, and ordered us to put the tepid stuff through the mincer. He knew the men would not tell the difference. Scientific cookery? Huh!—F/s., Somerset (address enclosed).

Can't Come Clean

MANY TENS OF THOUSANDS of us are on leave or discharge from the Forces. Until we are issued with a civilian ration book we have to put up with a Services Ration Card R.B.12—

"Find a shaving-stick pretty inadequate"

which is all right in its way. But it does not get us any soap.

The Food Office cannot help me. I have been on leave for almost seven weeks and find a shaving-stick pretty inadequate when I want a bath.—F/Lt. W. GRAYDON, 322, Uxbridge Road, Acton Hill, W.3.

Cigarettes or Stockings?

IF THE GOVERNMENT released coupon-free silk stockings, I am sure women would spend their money on them rather than

"That's the one, officer"

"Please the men and delight the women"

on cigarettes. This would relieve the present shortage, please the men and delight the women.—J. EMLYN WILLIAMS, 20, Aston Grove, Wrexham, Denbigh.

Ageing Usefully

IT'S HIGH TIME we took this business of growing old more seriously. It is all a question of mental outlook. Middle-age would not produce stiff and unsightly joints and feebleness of mind if we exercised our muscles and brains as nature intended.

The average man or woman of seventy should be rich in worldly experience and a valuable asset to the community in many ways. Bernard Shaw, at eighty-nine, should be a shining example.—M. E. JEFFERY, 75, Belmont Road, South Norwood, S.W.

Living on Air?

WHY TURN WAR TIME airfields back to the plough (JOHN BULL, September 22)? Surely some of them would make excellent building sites. They are flat, well-drained and have water and electricity laid on. It would be much cheaper to turn them into new housing centres than to give them back to agriculture.—F. W. RICHES, 107, Norwood Road, March, Cambs.

"Feed the Germans"

AM I TO BELIEVE that the British people will stand by and let thousands of defenceless German women and children die of disease and starvation this winter? I know full well that the British housewife has a difficult job to make do on the present rations, but we can tighten our belts still further.

Catering establishments should be closed and the food diverted to the Germans. In my family we live on our bare rations without going out for meals, so I know it can be done.—MRS. NANCY HOOLE, 9, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Bristol.

Learn As You Work

ONE OBVIOUS CHANGE which the Labour Government might institute—all the universities should be made to introduce full degree courses in the evenings. The scheme would probably meet with opposition from those who are well off enough to spend their whole time at a university, but the public would have the benefit of widely increased knowledge.

I'm not pleading for myself. I have a degree, thanks to my employers who allowed me to attend the university while I was working. Others are not so lucky.—F/o H. C., Banff.

JOHN BULL Short Story

by ERIC ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

Gregor was an artist with those wicked knives. His aim was sure because his target was the woman he loved. One night, Gregor forgot the circus folks' motto about the pure in heart. It was the first and last time his knife missed its mark

The PURE in HEART

"I was there, but I didn't see Gregor make his one false throw. Nobody saw it"

GREGOR—do you remember that fierce little man, with his knives, and his sharp, stiletto-pointed moustaches, and his grey eyes, steel-hard, and as keen as one of his own razor-edged blades?

He loved his knives, that little man: they were the tools of his trade—and more than his tools. You would see him after a show, polishing them. He would rub oil on their blades very gently with a folded square of silk, handling each as though it were an old master or a fine Amati violin.

He was a showman, but an artist also. If you wished you could see nothing in his act but its surface glitter and display. Yes, it had all that. The hundred knives with their gawdy hafts, vermilion and viridian and cerulian blue.

Gregor flicking one up almost to the flies and then catching it by its tip; or slicing a falling playing card in two, just to prove that his knives were knives.

Then the whistle as one flashed across the stage like a startled kingfisher, and the heart-leaping thump as it hit the back board and clung there, quivering.

That was the showmanship of it: the artistry was the man fondling his blades one by one as he packed them away; or wiping each before he used it so that there should be no drop of condensed moisture even that might upset the hair-spring balance.

And Gregor was as careful of his own condition as he was of that of his knives. A non-smoker, of course. No alcohol . . . no tea or coffee, even. Nothing that might upset *his* hairspring balance.

Two hours hard work a day with the foils to keep his muscles alert. Early to bed, so that he should never be tired. And no worries—nothing on his mind.

Georges Duhamel said in one of his books that for circus people to do what they do it was necessary for them to be pure in heart. And so it is—for what they do is to take their lives in their hands and toss them up day by day like the juggler's coloured balls. Not in any reckless or foolhardy fashion, though, but humbly and with faith.

THAT WAS WHAT Gregor did every day. The danger, you might think, was for *her* and not for him; but do you imagine that each of those knives as it zizzed towards her was not also aimed straight at his own heart? Hetty was not only Gregor's assistant; she was also his wife.

"Aren't you afraid?" I asked her once.

"Not in the least," she said. "If Gregor were not sure of himself he wouldn't do it; and since he *is* sure of himself, what is there to be afraid of? He never misthrows . . . he never has misthrown."

That was true at the time that she said it, but afterwards it became untrue. I was there in the theatre on the night when Gregor made his first and last false throw.

To tell you the truth I hated to watch that act. Oh, I know that there was no more danger in it than there is in a darts match in a public bar . . . but I have imagination.

People in the theatre used to shiver. Suppose he missed, they would say—though what they meant was suppose he did *not* miss. The possibility that something might go wrong is part of the appeal of such acts.

Accidents *do* happen, people say. But, of course, in the circus they don't. A man has as much chance of being struck by lightning as he has of witnessing a mishap in such an act as Gregor's. But just the same, as I have said, I have imagination.

My dislike for watching the act had nothing whatever to do with my liking for Hetty. Had she been a girl whom I had never seen before my stomach would have turned over in just the same way when she took her stand against the back board and faced Gregor and his wicked knives.

But I did like Hetty—very much. She was English, for one thing—the only other English person connected with the Continental show with which both Gregor and myself were touring.

So, quite naturally, we saw a good deal of each other. Gregor helped throw us together, too; for with his Spartan habits he was not much of a companion for a young girl.

I was not, however, in love with Hetty. I was not in love with anyone. At least. . . . Well, there was Sasha.

Sasha was a trampolinist with the show. She attracted me, but. . . . Oh, she was too large, too flamboyant, too emotional, too voluble, too mercurial . . . too everything for a man of my temperament. That, at any rate, was what I used to tell myself.

THE TRUTH OF IT IS, I suppose, that she frightened me a little. I was too English, and she was too alive and too importunate. I really believe that one reason why I saw so much of Hetty was because when I was with her I was safe from Sasha.

I hope that I am not making myself sound too Don Juanish. Quite the contrary is the case. It is because I am not very much good at that sort of thing that I found Sasha so difficult to handle.

However, I don't wish to spend too much time on *that* topic. The heart of the whole thing was that night on which Gregor's aim for the first and only time was untrue.

For two-thirds of the act all that Hetty had to do was to look charming and smile and hand Gregor his knives. Then came the finale in which her part was more vital.

The back board would be covered with a huge sheet of white paper and Hetty would stand against it with her arms outstretched. Then Gregor would throw. He threw twenty-five knives in all, and their gawdy hafts would stand out around her like coloured lamps.

Then she would step away from the board and Gregor would remove the knives, tossing each one to her for her to catch by its haft and slip it into its rack.

As he removed each knife he would draw it downwards through the paper to meet the cut made by the next, so that when all knives had been removed Hetty's paper outline would fall away and there she would be a silhouette against the dark back board.

Most spectacular . . . and not a bit dangerous as Hetty would always insist.

I suppose that if I am to follow the tradition of such stories I should say that I had a presentiment that evening that something would go wrong. But I had not. Everything went as usual. Hetty took her stand against the white sheet. Gregor reached for his first knife.

He had a manner of throwing that was part showmanship and part serious method. The knives would be there in the rack, ready to hand. He would balance himself, rocking slightly on toe and heel. Then he would take up his first knife.

Once he had done that he would not look again at the rack, but keep his eye all the time on his living target. He would stand with the knife in his hand balancing it, and all the while those hard, sharp eyes of his measuring the distance.

This would go on for some minutes or more, all the rocking and balancing and foot shifting. Artifice, of course—to screw up the nerves of his audience. But art as well; for it really was important that his stance should be just so.

Then he would throw. Zizzzz . . . thud. The other twenty-four knives wou follow in a stream like tracer shells fro an automatic gun. It really was soo thing to see.

But this night. . . . I don't know whi knife it was—one of those which shou have marked Hetty's left side below h outstretched arm.

I say that I *saw* Gregor make his o false throw. That is not strictly acc rate. I was there, but I did not see Nobody saw it. Nobody knew . . . exce Gregor and Hetty.

She did not cry out. His hand, as threw the other knives, did not falte But when he had thrown them omitted the final silhouette cutting. signed instead for the curtain to be ru down.

He took his call before it alone. Het had fainted.

SHE WAS NOT as it happened, very bad hurt. The knife had pierced her le side, but had missed both heart an lung. A miracle, the doctors at th hospital said. Just a fraction to o side. . . .

Perhaps it was a miracle. If miracl happen at all, they could only happ to the pure in heart.

I went to see Hetty in hospital . . naturally. I took her some flower Gregor was already there when I arrive

I have told you about Gregor's eye their hardness, and their steeliness. was sitting on a chair by Hetty's be He looked up when I came into the war I stopped, standing there, holding foolish bunch of flowers. Gregor's ey were not grey now; they were red an their pupils had contracted into needle points.

But it was Hetty who spoke. "Th foolish man," she said. "He has j been telling me. He is jealous . . . of yo Isn't that funny?"

She laughed . . . an hysterical litt laugh. But Gregor did not lau Neither did I. He was still looking a me.

"I have told him," she went on, "abo our little plot to make Sasha jealous, be

half believes me. *You* tell him." said Gregor, with his eyes still "You love Sasha, eh?"

course, I had not the least idea of it was all about. I did sense, how- that there were strong currents and that I had to take care. Hetty ade it plain to me what she wanted say, but I felt that merely to *say* ld not be sufficient; I had to con- this man.

eryone knows that you love Sasha," broke in. "Everyone but Gregor. ver has eyes for anything that is on . . . but only for the thing that You and I. . . . Why . . . it's

u love this Sasha, huh?" Gregor ted.

s," I said. I looked him straight eyes. "I do."

as all rather tense; Hetty in the I standing there still holding my of flowers, and Gregor probing into ith his eyes. Then Gregor nodded he hard light in his eyes went out ough a switch had been pressed in- im.

W THAT I had convinced him. And e than that—I knew *why* I had nced him. I could not have lied to r at that moment. And I had not o him. What I had said was true, h I had not until that moment ed it myself.

gor was frowning. "If you love he said, "why do you not tell her? plotting, making jealous . . . it is not People's hearts are not knives to into the air and catch. No, it is . . bad. *Tell* her."

was my idea," Hetty said. "We ht that if Sasha saw him with me ould. . . . But it was a silly idea. e right, Gregor. It is not the right He will tell her." She looked at "You will, won't you?"

es," I said. "I will." And I meant too.

o you see," Hetty said. "There was ason for you to be jealous of him. at all. . . ."

ooked at her quickly, but she was carefully not looking at me. Good ! I thought. Hetty! Why . . . I dreamed. I always thought that nd I. . . . .

gor, however, had apparently not d that queer little note in her voice. I was not in love with her how she be in love with me?

o-morrow," he said to her, "I write aris for a new partner. . . ." He d. "But not for a new wife."

o," said Hetty. "Don't. I'll go on the act when I am better. You never missed before . . . and you again. It was my fault. You were ed about me. That is why you d your aim."

gor shook his head. "No . . . is not why. I missed my aim be- e. . . . ." He stopped short. "I do know why. I do not know. But I miss . . . because I aimed at your t."

London's Murder Spot—3

SECRET DRAG-NET FOR FOREIGN CROOKS

This week, WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, tells of a secret police nerve-centre, formed to strike at foreign crooks, and tackle London's new crime wave

JUST AS AFTER the last war, criminal history is repeating itself in Soho.

London crooks, and many of alien origin, are planning to make big money quickly.

The new "Crime Wave" situation in Soho and its near-by districts is so menacing that Scotland Yard has opened a special secret "police headquarters" in the district. Every phase will be dealt with, as it develops, "on the spot."

Naturally, I cannot say where these secret headquarters actually are. But I can say that C.I.D. and police patrols are being daily strengthened.

Also that the Special Branch, whose work deals mostly with the movements of aliens living here, has been called upon to co-operate.

Knowing that many foreign crooks who made a rich living in Soho in pre-war days are preparing to return, the Home Office is co-operating with the Customs and Excise Department.

The staff of the Customs and Excise Department is also being specially strengthened for this purpose.

Rackets Come Back

Preventive measures do not end there. A noted Scotland Yard man recently left for Paris to act as chief liaison officer there between Scotland Yard and the French Police on all matters affecting the entry into—or departure from—this country of men and women of ill-repute. At least three conferences have lately been held in London between police chiefs of Britain, Belgium, France, and Italy.

"Make no mistake about it," a reliable underworld informant said to me in Soho the other day, "we'll have all the old rackets of twenty years ago back shortly. Bogus marriages, faked passports, "one-day marriages," jewel-smuggling, and so on. I've been in discussions when plans were being made."

Scotland Yard chiefs know that many of the big jewel and diamond robberies of recent times have been made in Soho to whet the appetites of Continental

Sir Archibald Carter, K.C.B., Chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise. He has given instructions that all suspected sea-passengers must be watched

criminals who are making big hauls from unlawful currency deals.

One group of investigators is making inquiries now into the problem of how *set* diamonds worth £6,000 were only a month ago smuggled into Paris.

One man under suspicion has been connected with three different currency transactions since the war ended. He has covered his movements so cleverly that proof has not yet been obtained to pin him down. But his arrest, I am told, is imminent.

Gold, in France, is worth £25 an ounce, as against £7 here. Platinum is worth £50 an ounce in Paris, as against £11 here. Diamonds, particularly if they are not mounted, fetch almost anything. The profit on £6,000 might well have been £23,000.

Direct Smuggling Line

Observation from the air and by plain-clothes men has provided Scotland Yard, and the French Surété, with much information.

There is already, since the war, a *direct* smuggling line between London and Antwerp. Thousands of pounds worth of diamonds and currency notes regularly pass through it.

From the Continent, too, smuggling is growing apace. Tens of thousands of pairs of fully fashioned stockings have been brought here.

Diamonds, valuable wrist-watches, fountain-pens, rings, brooches, are all finding their way to London, largely through agencies in Soho.

One man who was followed for hours there recently was employed on a liner which did short trips between the Channel ports. He was arrested the other day as he left his ship. Papers found on him may lead to the arrest of other persons.

He was made to strip. He had fountain-pens strapped to his arms and legs. Others were pinned inside his shorts and shirt and sewn into his coat.

In the linings he had envelopes which contained diamonds.

Just recently, disguised officers have been watching every ship that comes into Britain.

They have established, already, that Black Marketeers from Soho and its area are actually sending agents to meet men working on ships from the Continent. These agents not only collect contraband booty from them, but instruct them what kind of goods to bring on their next voyage.

One crook who was arrested recently was known by Scotland Yard investigators to have made as much as £4,000 out of smuggling since VE-Day.

On the "Black List"

There are many secrets which I cannot reveal about the concentrated efforts being perfected to break down the present crime wave and the return to this country of Continental undesirables who, once passport restrictions are relaxed, as they will be soon, can come here almost unhindered.

Upwards of a thousand international criminals are on a Special Aliens' Black List at Scotland Yard. All will be watched for by specially recruited and specially trained men. These are now undergoing special police educational courses for the purpose.

Fast planes will be used, too, to capture Continental criminals. So also will wireless-controlled motor vehicles.

The crews—and, later, passengers—on big ships will be subjected to proper scrutiny. Small ships, of which a growing number nowadays creep up to the sides of bigger vessels after dark, take on gems and other valuables lowered by dishonest members of the crews, will also be under observation by the reinforced staffs of the combined forces of Scotland Yard's C.I.D., the Special (Aliens') Branch, the Customs and Excise, and the International Police.

NO "FORCING" FOR FUTURE FOOTBALL STARS

THERE IS AN ACUTE SHORTAGE of youthful football stars. The effect of the war years has been that experienced players continue to form the major part of our first-class teams.

But with speed again becoming one of the major essentials for success, we can be sure that many teams will do everything possible to unearth youthful, clever, and exceptionally speedy players.

Those with the good of the game at heart, however, hope that we shall not see mere boys brought into first-class football simply because of this anxiety for still faster teams.

Many people say that there should be a minimum age for appearing in League football. Twenty has been suggested. This sounds practical, for, by then, a youth should be strong enough to stand up to professional football.

It is not fair to put a youngster up against an experienced player. The latter is never keen to go into a tackle with everything he possesses. More often than not, if he does show determination the crowd will let him know their feelings in no uncertain manner.

On the other hand, if he gives a youngster too much freedom, and goals result from this, everyone will complain.

ANOTHER POINT—a nasty injury to a youth might well make him lose confidence. This would be a disaster at a time when we want to encourage as many talented footballers as possible.

Some clubs, such as Wolverhampton Wanderers, 'Spurs, West Bromwich and Stoke, encourage youth by junior sides, amateur teams, "nursery" clubs, and the reserve side. They have now assured themselves of a constant flow of first-class talent familiar with their special type of play.

The Wolves, although they often introduce players at a very early age, have shown great wisdom in not "overplaying" them. They allow the boys to "gain their feet" and find confidence in their ability.

Billy Wright, the inside forward whom Wolverhampton have brought on, and who is considered a future England star, is typical of the young men to whom football looks to for the future.

Billy was spotted by the club as a boy of fourteen. As Billy grew up he made his way into the League side.

But Wolverhampton did not over-work Billy. He was given experience, then sent back to the reserve side to build up his strength. To-day he is a fine lad, well-built, intelligent, and a sergeant in the Army Physical Training Corps.

It should be stressed that there are only a few clubs who have brought into the game youngsters who may be considered too young for League football. Even then, circumstances have sometimes forced their hands, when, with no other players available, they have had to call upon youths.

FRANK GRAY.

Fortune Smiled, Too . . .

THE 33-year-old airman you see here has spent over a year in hospital. But sensible A.C.1. A. Stork has not wasted his time in Ward 6, R.A.F. Gen. Hospital, Church Village, Near Pontypridd.

With his eye on each week's list of *Examples* for *Bullets* he kept his mind active. And for our 1,494th Contest he completed in less than five minutes his £250 *Bullet*—For Good Or Evil—Every Thought—Ever Thought? It need take you no longer to make your £250 *Bullet* with one of those *Examples* below—and those Christmas Feasts for 123 readers will help your thinking.

XMAS FEASTS
For 123 Readers!

£250 Big Cash First and Xmas Dinner Award

£25, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2.10s. —all plus Xmas Dinner Award

100 Xmas Cakes, 1,500 Merit Awards

☞ Full prize-list, Competition news, winning hints and other helpful features await you in BULLETS BULLETIN. For issue dated November 10, including £50 Free Offer, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with this week's entry.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

WORK FOR THE WORLD COME ON, STATESMEN DOOR TO PROGRESS JOHN SMITH POSTERITY'S VERDICT BARRING THE WAY HEAVEN HELP US IF BY THE MILLION GOOD CUSTOMER MURDERED FROM NOW ON GIVE THEM TIME AND SHILLY-SHALLYING VICIOUS CIRCLE AS WE GROW OLDER SHOWS HE'S NUTS OUR VICAR NOT AT HOME DIRTY TRICK MADE DAD SEE RED

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any one additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

BRITISH .....
AFRAID TO.....
STILL IN THE.....
IF ..... KNEW
TO KEEP THINGS ..... BUT
NOBODY'S .....

RESULT No. 1497—FIRST PRIZE £200 AND RADIO

MRS. M. R. SLATER, CROSSGATES HOUSE, DALTON-IN-FURNESS.

AGE OF SPEED

MAKING MANKIND "LEAVE RAILS"?

£20 and Radio :
R. Henton, 108, Seacliffe Road, Bangor, Co. Down.
Liberty's Sunshine—"Frost," If Freed Freeze.

£10 and Radio :
H. O. Massey, 20, Jessamine Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead.
Great Adventure—Spotting, Splitting, Sharing Atom.

5 of £5 :
Miss K. Kaye, 17, Glebe Road, Gledholt, Huddersfield.
Something Snapped And—Britannia's "Stocking" Down Again.
Miss M. S. Marshall, Swarcliffe, Birstwith, Harrogate.
Having A Car—Mary Wary? Quite Contrary!
S. J. Randle, 2, Acrefield Avenue, Urmston, Manchester.
We Don't Like It, But—Dad *Will* "Drive Himself."
A. Sticker, 36, Aubrey Road, Bristol.
Rubbing It In—And Out, Alternately—Officialdom!
J. Worrall, 47, Chorley Street, Warrington.
Given The Air—She "Wanted The Earth."

5 of £4 :
A. E. Abercrombie, 17, Whitehorse Street, Hereford.
False Friends—Sorry, And All "Rat."
Mrs. V. Ellis, 9, Stuart Crescent, Winchester.
Here And There—Occasionally, Sonny's Fairly Clean!
E. Kay, 15, Clay Street, Gorton, Manchester.
No Longer Matters—Mud—It's *English* Lane.
A. Newsome, 34, Fairfield Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Having A Rest—Battleships, Destroyers—*Not* Minesweepers.
G. R. Watkins, "Clyderwen," Oakland Street, Mountain Ash.
Something Snapped And—Partner's Rumba Improved Considerably!

A list of 50 winners of 10s. and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards posted.

£100 OUTRIGHT WIN—XWORD 449.

WINNING WORDS : 1. Flashy. 2. Sight. 3. Fun. 4. Decided. 5. Hush. 6. Gale. 7. Ely. 8. Valley. 9. Rent or Rest. 10. Cakes. 11. Lordly. 12. Oaths. 13. Arms. 14. Cable or Table.
OUTRIGHT WINNER : Mrs. Hallworth, 76, Ashton Road, Blackpool.
RUNNERS-UP Awards value £25 shared between 19 entrants.

RULES 1.—**Bullets** First Prize will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two **Bullets**, or 1s. to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 17, and Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,501, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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Address .....

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 "Bullets" you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

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"BULLETS" No. 1,501
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, Oct. 29.

For £50 "BULLETIN" (NOV. 10), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

ETIQUETTE OF MAKING FRIENDS

A career in plastics. Marriage without love. A future in music. Releases from land army. Vocational training pay

"DO YOU CONSIDER IT bad manners to address a stranger during a train journey? Can a man open a conversation with a woman without being thought ill-bred?

"American soldiers were sometimes told that the English dislike making friends with strangers. I think we miss a great deal through this habit of keeping to ourselves. A long railway journey can be a terrible bore. In fact, what are the rules of etiquette on the subject?"

It is not bad manners to address a stranger, but obviously it is objectionable to force a conversation on a person who shows that he or she does not want it.

There is no reason why you should not open a conversation with a woman on some trifle—a remark about the weather or the train service, for example. If she does not wish to be addressed further she can show it in a score of ways.

Conversation with train acquaintances should be kept impersonal unless you are encouraged to do otherwise. You should not tell your life history or ask the stranger where he is going and why, or otherwise pry into his affairs. There are plenty of other things to chat about. The essence of all etiquette is common sense and thoughtfulness of others.

"WILL YOU ADVISE ME with regard to work in connection with plastics? I know nothing about the subject, but I have an idea it offers a very promising career. I am twenty-five years of age. Are there any low-priced books from which I could get some preliminary knowledge?"

We are only just beginning to discover the possibilities of plastics, and undoubtedly it is one of the big industries of the future.

The cheapest book is in the Penguin series and is entitled *Plastics* (No. 80A, price 9d.). A monthly journal, *Plastics*, price 1s. 6d., will give you much useful information and the names of firms to which you might later write for employment.

Now about training. Evening institutes in a dozen big towns have started classes dealing with plastics. Many more institutes will, no doubt, be adding to them. I advise you to get the prospectus of evening classes in your own area.

"IS THERE A CHANCE of anyone making a good living by music? My niece is a clever pianist and would like to take up music as a career. Her parents have no idea how she should set about it. Can you offer any advice?"

Of course she can make a good living as a musician—if she is a good musician. Two British pianists make £80 a concert, and they could probably have two such engagements a week if they wished. At the other end of the scale are pianists lucky to get an occasional two-guinea broadcast.

The usual training for those who wish to take up music as a serious career is given at a college or academy of music. The course lasts from three to six years. For those who live near London there is the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, or the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

There are similar opportunities in Manchester, Glasgow and other big cities.

The piano professor will give advice about your niece's talent and prospects. Urge her to take it, whether she likes it or not.

"MY WIFE AND I met the night before I sailed to Africa. For three years we kept on writing to each other, and finally decided to marry on my return home.

"When I eventually came back I found to my dismay that I had a totally false idea of the girl. However, I thought that if she was good enough to keep on writing all those years she was good enough to marry.

"Our marriage is a complete failure. She is not unfaithful, but I have no love for her and do not enjoy her company. Is there any way out?"

I am sorry for you. It is so easy to marry, so difficult to unmarry. You have no grounds for divorce or for a legal separation.

If you desert your wife she can sue for divorce after three years. Otherwise you will both be tied together and unable to marry again.

If you dislike the idea of desertion, you could arrange a separation by mutual consent. You would have to support her, of course, and separation by consent is not considered a ground for divorce at any time.

£100 Xword with Xmas Cakes

£100 FIRST—Other Awards value £25—Up to 100 Xmas Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Most soldiers know what dirty ones are—TR□CKS. 2. White ones may well have helped to save life at some time—□INES. 3. The scale on which they're made affects the price—M□PS. 4. Often finishes up on high note—MA□CH. 5. If a man does this, it may be attributed to vanity—□OSES. 6. Nobody feels like making one when tired and sleepy—B□D. 7. Tough old batsman may begin doing this the moment he's in—PA□TING. 8. It's a shame that one should be neglected, to-day—□ITE. 9. No doubt had something to do with tempting Adam—E□E. 10. Should be a warning—RE□. 11. From which oil is obtainable—□HALE. 12. You may be unable to avoid inhaling this—F□G. 13. Bargee's used to handling this kind of craft in narrow channels—□ARGE. 14. Should be expected to be strict and impartial—DO□E.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps, or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Nov. 10 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark **—MONDAY, Oct. 29.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 453, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 449 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Training Allowances

B. S., Portsmouth: The weekly allowance which would be payable to your husband while attending a Training Centre under the Government's Vocational Training Scheme is 60s. If he is living at home, plus 10s. in respect of you and travelling expenses if the daily journey is over two miles each way. If he lives away from home while training, the weekly allowance is 35s. plus 10s. in respect of you.

This allowance is additional to payment of the cost of lodgings, normally 30s. a week. As he will continue to maintain his home, a further allowance of 24s. 6d. will be payable. If a mid-day meal is provided free at the Training Centre, the allowances are reduced by 5s. a week.

R .S., Leeds: There is no general release of members of the Women's Land Army, and your daughter would not be granted her release to enable her to return home. She could, however, ask for a transfer to employment nearer Leeds.

G. C., Havant: The weekly amount of unemployment benefit would be 24s. for your son, 16s. for his wife, 5s. for each of the first two children and 4s. for each of the other three children. These are the rates payable under the General Scheme and not the Agricultural Scheme.

M. Y., Thirsk: All surgical belts less than 6 in. wide, which have certain attachments or are designed for use in certain post-operative conditions, are coupon-free. Other belts which cannot thus be clearly defined are rationed, but people who are required *on medical advice* to wear a rationed type of belt may apply to the Board of Trade for additional coupons.

H. S., Truro: You cannot take employment outside the agricultural industry unless the local employment exchange agrees. As you are a building trade operative, you may be allowed to return to the building industry. Should the exchange decide that you can do so, you may be directed to a particular employer and not allowed to start on the contract near your home.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

FOOD (MF) FACTS

NEW IDEAS

for egg and no-egg recipes

WE are always being asked for suggestions for every-day dishes, showing how to make-do when rations are low. Here are some good egg and no-egg recipes which are worth cutting out.

STEAMED PUDDING
(no eggs)

INGREDIENTS: *2 oz. margarine or lard; 8 oz. plain flour; 1½-2 level tablespoons sugar; 2 level tablespoons jam; 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda; about ¼ pint milk and water.*

METHOD: Rub the fat into the flour and add sugar. Add the jam. Dissolve soda in a little of the milk, add to other ingredients. Mix to a soft dropping consistency with remainder of milk. Turn into a greased basin, 1½ pint size, steam 2 hrs. Serve with jam sauce. Enough for 4 people.

FATHER'S FANCY

Made with dried eggs, this is a splendid, nourishing main dish; enough for 4.

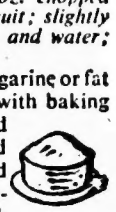
INGREDIENTS: *2 lb. cooked potatoes, diced; 1 onion, chopped; 4 level tablespoons chopped parsley; 4 dried eggs, reconstituted; ½ pint of milk; 2 to 3 oz. grated cheese; salt and pepper.*

METHOD: Put potatoes, onion and parsley in a pie-dish. Mix egg, milk, and seasoning with cheese. Pour the mixture over the potatoes. Bake in a moderate oven till golden, about 30 minutes.

FRUIT CAKE (no eggs)

INGREDIENTS: *2 oz. margarine or cooking fat; ½ lb. plain flour, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, or ½ lb. self-raising flour; pinch of salt; 1 oz. sugar; 4 oz. chopped dates or other dried fruit; slightly under half a pint milk and water; 3 saccharin tablets.*

METHOD: Rub the margarine or fat into the flour, mixed with baking powder and salt. Add the sugar and chopped dates or other dried fruit. Mix to a soft consistency with the milk in which saccharin tablets have been dissolved. Put the mixture in a greased 6-inch tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour.



FRENCH FRY

Try this for breakfast: Reconstitute one or two dried eggs, season, and soak pieces of bread in them (Two eggs do about three slices from a 2-lb. loaf.) Fry with bacon till golden brown on both sides. Delicious!

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

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"Keeping an eye on important work calls for alertness. Mental lassitude—caused by indigestion—I avoid by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

Digestive upsets are often the result of excess acidity — set up by fermenting food. These painful symptoms can be corrected by a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Ask your Chemist today for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/5 and 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax)

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